MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 10 No. 3 50p

SPRING BONANZA ISSUE:

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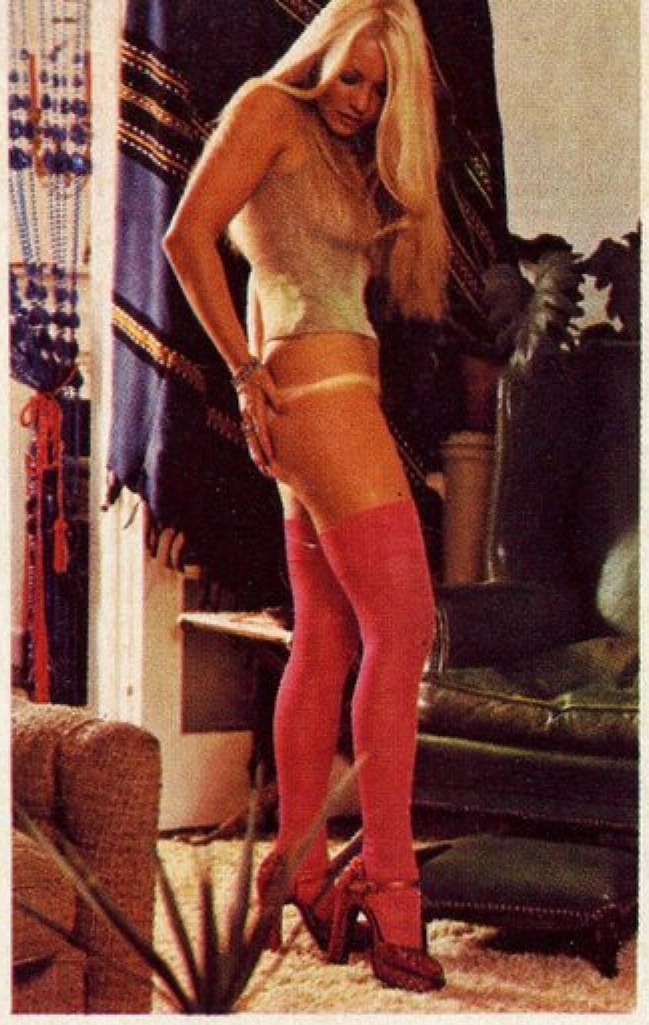

MAYFAIR

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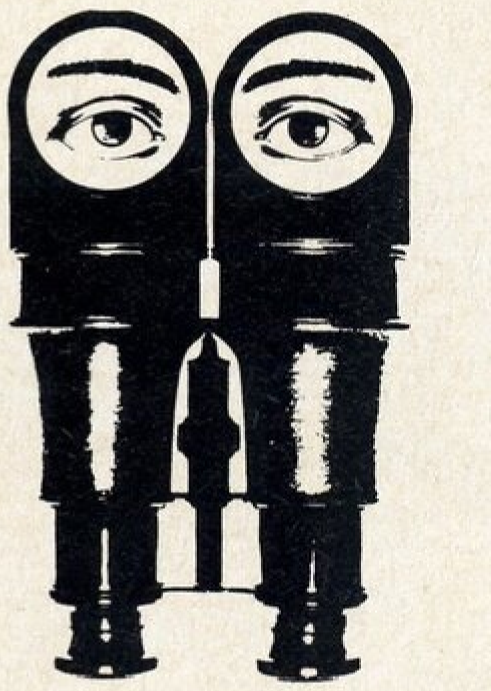
SCENE



Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

Even before the time that Mae West invited the whole world to 'come up and see me sometime', big-breasted girls held a special place in men's affections. Long shapely legs and beautiful faces have their devotees, but nothing is sure to raise the male libido more than a pair of forty-plus boobs.

So, Gentlemen, raise your glasses and toast the outstanding attributes of Miss Roxanne Brewer, whose pictorial spread begins on page 12. Her bust measurement of 45DD is the largest ever to appear in a *Mayfair* pictorial spread and that in itself is worthy of special mention. On her brief visit to London earlier this year, Roxanne's spectacular appearance caused countless heads to turn in pleasured astonishment. We're confident the stunning photographs will turn a great many more heads.

Plaudits are due too to Ed Alexander, a *Mayfair* stalwart of many years standing whose work you have continuously and vociferously admired. It's our view that Eddie's centre-spread set of Eva Von Bork is the very best that even he has ever taken. A classically beautiful blonde and a great photographer – an unbeatable team.

According to the trade publication *Newsagent and Bookshop*, the two most popular comics in the country, *Beano* and *Dandy*, outsell the two top people's papers *The Times* and *The Guardian*. As the circulation of the former is some 340,000 and the latter some 360,000, it would seem that an awful lot of kids are reading an awful lot of comics – and we'd bet that a goodly number of adults can be numbered among *Beano* and *Dandy* fans. For our part, a casually discarded comic always proves an irresistible lure; the antics of 'The Bash Street Kids' and 'Desperate Dan' being more entertaining than the gloom that assails us almost daily from the news media. Perhaps behind those serried ranks of *Times'* and *Guardian's* on commuter specials each morning are tightly furled comics. Or even tightly furled *Mayfair's*, as we outsell both *The Times* and *The Guardian* and not so very long ago ran two special features on those comic heroes that we all remember so well.

Cockney Connie Soper, whose photo spread begins on page 68, told us that she was once dared to strip by a man after working late one night. This recollection set us thinking of similar devil-may-care girls for whom a bet or a dare is excuse enough for their exhibitionist streak to surface. We remember well a girl of our acquaintance who was pleased and not a little flattered when her boss asked her out for an after-work drink on her very first day. Once in the bar with drinks at hand, the boss casually bet the girl £5 that she would not dare remove her knickers. Rising like a trout to a fly, the girl instantly accepted the challenge and after disappearing briefly into the ladies, returned cheerfully knickerless and perched on a bar-stool. 'I gave him a quick flash under my skirt every once in a while,' she later confided to us, 'but the whole thing was really just a giggle. He didn't want to have sex with me or anything – he just wanted to see whether I had enough nerve to sit with no knickers on. I must admit though that the knowledge that I was sitting on a stool wearing a fairly short skirt with absolutely nothing on underneath was a turn-on.'

We wonder how far other girls could be dared to go in this field. Perhaps readers will share their own experiences with us in our Letters Column.

Making his *Mayfair* debut this month is author John Graven Hughes, whose short story, 'On With The Performance, Jack', begins on page 76. John is certainly well-qualified to write a 'showbiz' story, as during the war he worked with an ENSA unit and is the author of *The Greasepaint War* – a book which deals with forces' entertainment during the Second World War. John at present lives on the outskirts of the small village of Haverthwaite, Lancs, having moved there from London. 'I find the area enchanting,' he maintains, 'beautiful countryside all around is a welcome change from the crowding and pollution in London.' John is married with three young children, and although having started life as an actor, is now more concerned with the written than the spoken word.

Out-of-town readers, and London-based ones too for that matter, often question us on the capital's mixed-sauna scene. Some see mixed saunas as a viewing place for hordes of nubile unclad dollies, while others at the other end of the spectrum fear possible embarrassment. Let us set your minds at rest. In our experience, the type of dollies generally found in mixed saunas tend to be the bluff, thirty-ish, jolly-hockeysticks types who frequent nudist camps. Of course it would be wrong to suggest that the occasional gorgeous bird does not appear through the steam from time-to-time, but from our own visits, we have found ourselves rather too pre-occupied with the heat to think libidinous thoughts. Furthermore, the cold plunge is a definite downer! If however, you and your partner fancy sweating it out together, the *London Health and Sauna Club* in London's W.2 is a friendly and relaxing place which has just celebrated its fourth birthday.

Two's company, but four's allowed at the London Health and Sauna Club, *where couples are welcome.*

LETTERS

This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Only those letters bearing the name and full address of the writer can be used but all requests for anonymity will be upheld and name and addresses reduced to initials and town on request. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I am speechless with admiration for Susan Nell, your centregirl in Vol. 10 No. 1. Sweet, sexy, sophisticated and sheer perfection in bodywork – the best thing out of South Africa since Cape oranges. Surely, this is your best centrespread ever. More, please!
T. Willis, Halifax

I was very interested to read your account of the Cottingley Fairies mystery in Vol. 9 No. 12 and intrigued by your own investigations, through Hilary Evans and Peter Opie into children's books of the period. Clearly the two little girls, Elsie Wright and Frances Griffiths, did not cut out from books the fairy figures they claimed to photograph.

There is, however, another possibility that no one seems to have raised yet. A book I recently read, 'Supernature' by Lyall Watson, mentions an American called Ted Serios who is apparently capable of producing photographs on unused film simply by staring into the camera. Serios has 'thought' hundreds of well-defined photographs: the only difference from actual photographs being due to lapses in his memory.

In addition his thought pictures have been produced under the strictest laboratory conditions. Is it not possible that Elsie and Frances might have had the same gift? The figures they photographed were obviously based on contemporary artists' impressions of fairy folk – but the fact that they are not exact reproductions could be explained by the blurring effect of the girls' memories.

Another factor is that so called 'paranormal' phenomena – poltergeists, reading without sight, telekinesis etc. – are often experienced at the onset of puberty, when the subject is particularly emotionally unstable. As the subject becomes better adjusted so the phenomena subside. This is exactly what happened with Elsie and Frances. They were respectively 10 and 13 years old when they took their first fairy photographs. Four years later, when Frances had grown into a young woman, their last attempts to take pictures met with failure.
T. Henshaw, London S.W.14.

My boyfriend and I think *Mayfair* is fantastic; we both agree that the girls you pick are some of the best examples of female beauty. They are, in his words, screwable.

He enjoys looking at the teenage girls most, but he also likes them over 30 – he says that women of that age look well screwed.

Some women in their 30s and 40s have great bodies. My own mother, at 43, has a well developed figure. Of course, her breasts do sag a little – after all she has had three children (all girls. My dad tried hard for a boy; he's still trying). I hope when I'm 43 my body is in the same condition as my mother's. How about featuring more over 30s in your magazine. It'd be great to have a girl of 17 and a woman of 40 in the same issue, because then we could see what happens as a woman gets older.

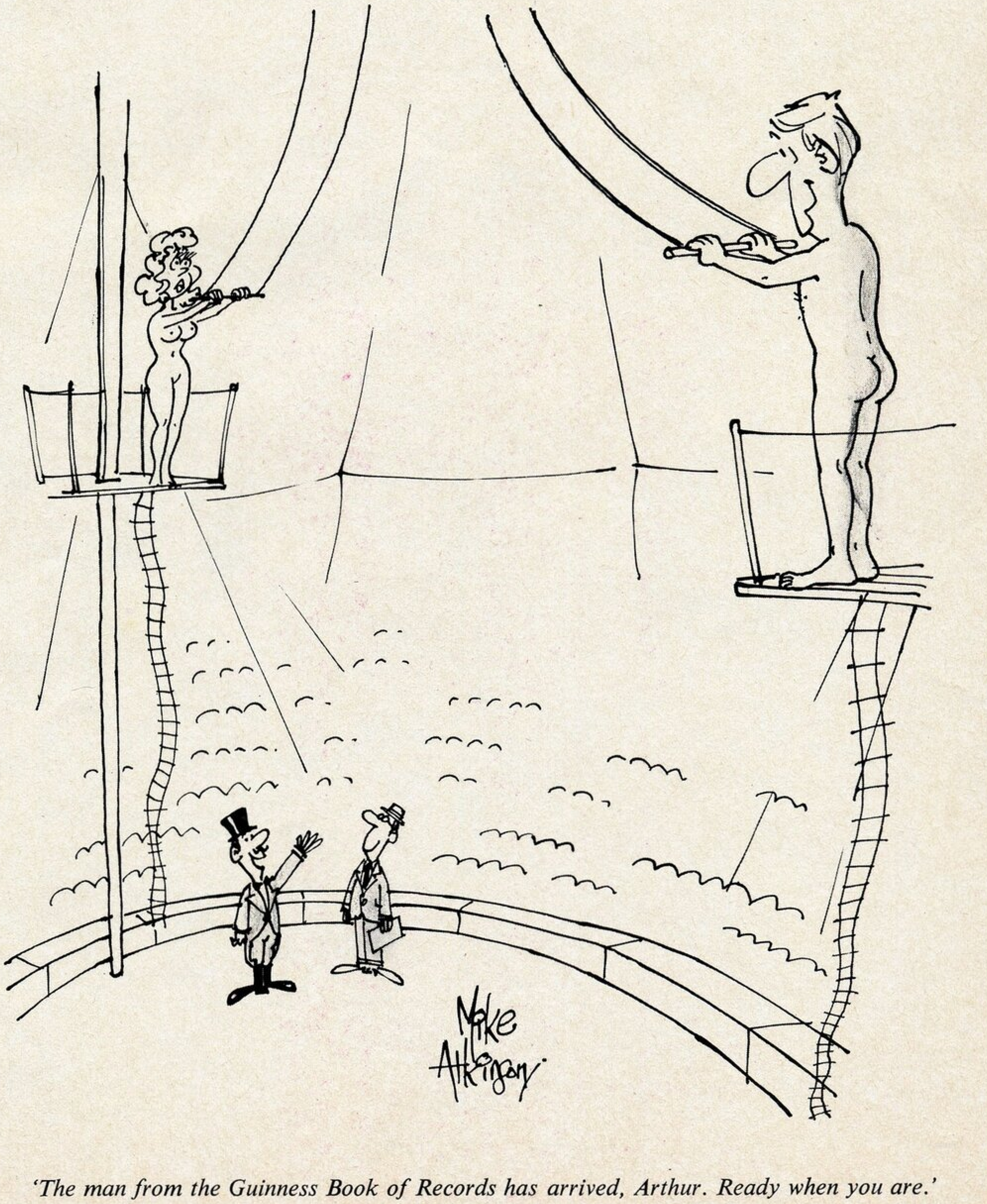
I also like looking at young girls; I like to see if their bodies are better than mine – some are, some aren't.
(Name and address withheld)

Having read the letter in Vol. 9 No. 12 from a reader who enjoyed her rape experience, I too wish to describe my rape, even though it was not so enjoyable.

Just prior to my husband going abroad, we had had one almighty row, during which he told me he didn't love me and that we were finished.

I was very depressed but a few days afterwards I was asked

turn to page 9



'The man from the Guinness Book of Records has arrived, Arthur. Ready when you are.'

LETTERS

continued from page 7

out by a man at the office. Even though I knew he was married, I accepted.

We drove to a small pub in the country where we talked and drank for about five hours. Needless to say that by closing time I was very drunk. The next thing I remember was the car pulling up outside this large country house. My escort said his wife was away and that he had taken me to his house to sober up. He made coffee, and asked me to dance, but all I wanted was somewhere to rest – so I sat down on the settee. He sat alongside me and started unbuttoning my dress down the front but I told him I wanted to go home and rest. He said I could use his bed and that he would take me home in the morning, and suggested that I take off my dress so it wouldn't get creased. I lay on the bed and he put the light out and left the room.

I awoke to find the room dimly lit by a bedside light, but my first feeling was that it was cold and my legs ached: I soon realised why. I was naked, except for my pants, and my legs had been tied to the bed.

I tried to get up and release my legs but the door opened and my workmate came in, wearing only a tiny pair of briefs. He came over to the bed and took off his briefs and showed he had a huge hard on. He then got on the bed and started feeling my tits – my nipples grew hard, as he ran his hands all over.

I began to feel aroused and I wanted him to take me. He was now kneeling over me; his penis rolling over my face. I reached up and took it in my hands and began to rub the head against my lips; moments later it was in my mouth and I was sucking. He pulled out and reached into the bedside table and took out a packet of condoms and put one on. He tore at my pants and was soon in me. Now my husband's prick is seven inches, but I could feel that this one was much bigger.

As he pumped away I could feel myself build up to a huge climax when he gasped, tore at my nipples and lay still.

My body began to buck to try to keep him going but it was no use. He pulled out so I hit him in the face. This made him furious, so he reached under the pillow and pulled out two pieces of cord and tied my hands to the bed posts. He said he'd always wanted to fuck me ever since I'd joined the firm. Once more (using another condom) he rode me to the verge of a climax and left me. Twice again this happened and by now I was begging him to let me come.

I was now very sore and wet, but again he said he wanted another bash. Alas, the condoms had all been used. He nevertheless entered me again and before long pulled out and came. I had been done five times in an hour.

I started to cry so he untied me, and threw me a bottle and asked if I wanted a drink. I picked it up and used it as a dildo and as he watched I brought myself to my long awaited climax.

This all happened eight years ago, but I still feel disgusted at my final action. I'm glad to say that my husband and I made up afterwards, though he doesn't know the full story of what happened that night.

(Name and address withheld)

Andre Launay's treatise on the disco birds who do in Vol. 9 No. 12 missed out one vital sub-category, in my humble opinion – the dolly who, for want of a subtler description, can be called the P***K TEASER. I can speak with authority since I fell foul of this kind only recently.

Like the SCRATCHER, she will spend most of her time ogling her nails. Like the MARCHER she puts an enormous amount of effort into dancing. And like the SOPHISTICATED HANDLER her expression remains demure whatever the music – though with one important difference. The P***K TEASER, unlike her sophisticated stablemate, does not handle you – she brushes you. With a sleeve, an elbow, a shapely thigh, or the tip of a soft boob. It is all terribly accidental – her foot might slip, she's noticing someone over your shoulder – but her face gives absolutely nothing away. After five minutes hard labour on the dance floor with a sweet-faced blonde version of the PT, it was only the dim lighting that kept me from indecent exposure. Positive that this little dolly had noticed the interest she'd raised I invited her for a drink in the pub round the corner. She readily agreed and I thought my luck was in – or just about to be – until in the deserted entrance hall I told her about my dilemma. Sniffing at my still pronounced bulge she snapped,

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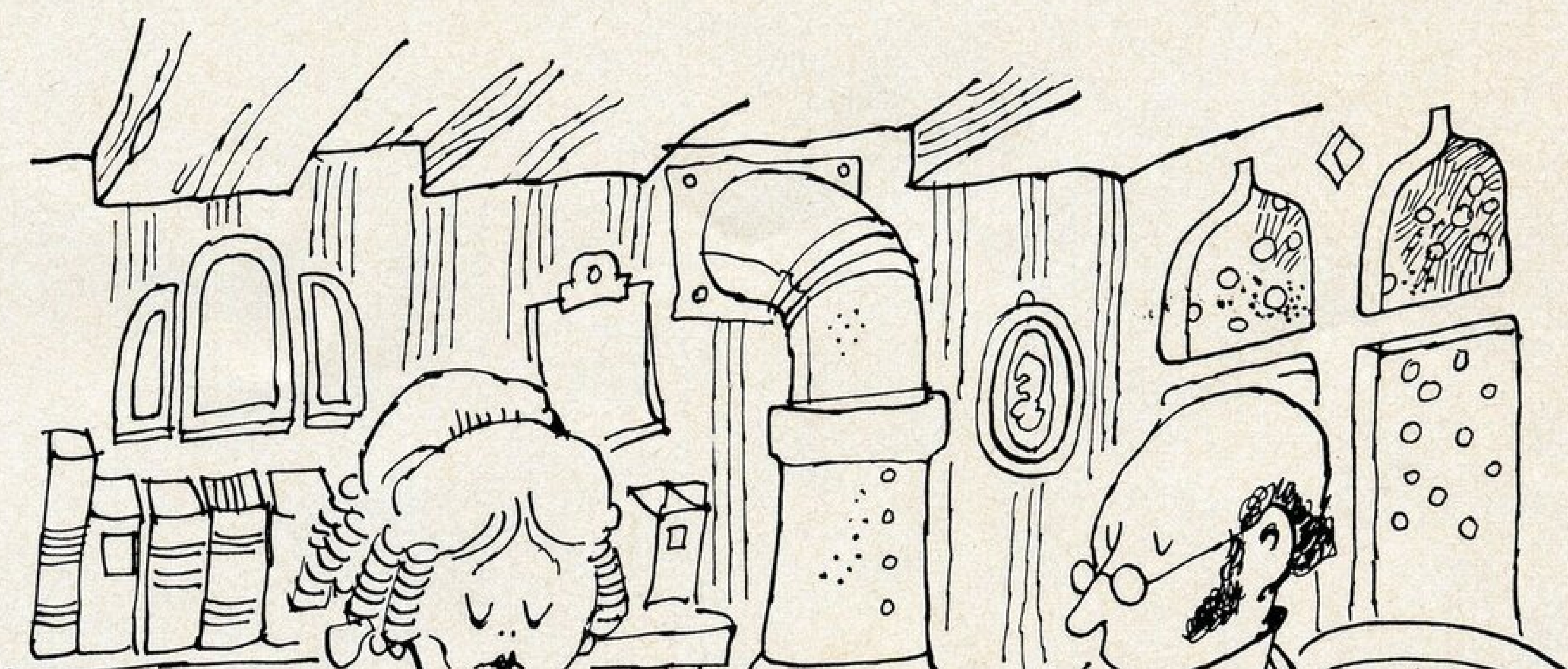
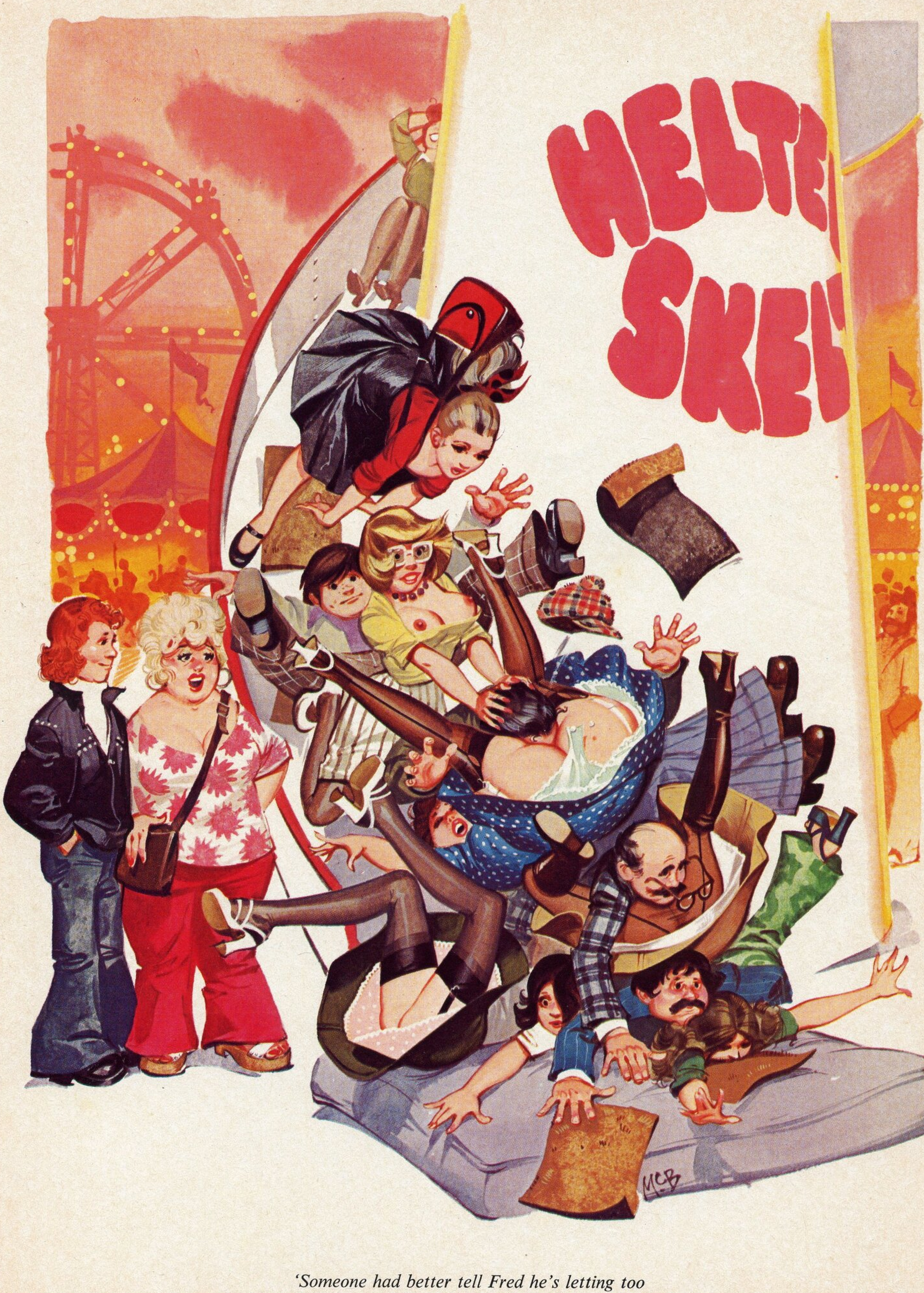


'Dear Mr. Tolstoy. Thank you for your six volume insurance claim. It strikes me, leafing through it, that it might make a novel if you entitled it "War and Peace", or something like that.'


HELTE
SKEL
McB

'Someone had better tell Fred he's letting too many through at once.'

LETTERS

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'Well, what do you expect me to do about it – take it home for my tea?' At which point our tête-à-tête came to an abrupt end. Sorry, Mr Launay, there are worse perils in the disco dolly stakes than the DIXIE DYKE.

S. Garnett, Manchester

Greetings from Eton College. You'd all be surprised to know how many people here read *Mayfair*. We (I speak for the masses) find it more readable, funnier, and better illustrated than other mags. One slight problem with boarding schools, especially this one – the *Mayfair*:reader ratio can range from 1:10 to 1:40.

T.C., Eton College, Windsor, Berks.

Your feature on the Tommy gun (Vol. 10 No. 1) leads me to suggest a feature on No. 4 Army Commando. The unit is, I think, the only one that has the distinction of never failing to 'take' and hold its objective.

At the disaster at Dieppe, No. 4 Commando performed admirably, taking and holding its position, then withdrawing as planned. On D-day the unit once again took its target and continued the advance. After three months of continuous action in Normandy No. 4 was retired to the U.K., and then returned to Belgium to lead the assault on Flushing.

Incidentally, after Dieppe frontal assaults had been ruled out, but Flushing proved an exception – it was needed to open up the Scheldt and the port of Antwerp. No. 4 Commando was considered expendable – medics made preparations for 90 per cent casualties.

True to British form No. 4 was supported by the 52 Lowland Division – a unit which had spent six years on snow and mountain warfare. They went into action for the first time on the flattest country imaginable. However, No. 4 Commando took its target and some of the

turn to page 16

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ROXANNE

Of all the many in-places to be found in New York City, one which is louder, more cheerful and more frenetic than most is *Maxwell's Plum* up on Manhattan's First Avenue. Here, the atmosphere combines pub, disco and restaurant moods in a larger-than-life setting, appropriate enough to our discovery of Roxanne Brewer. For Roxanne, it was a welcome visit to New York for a short holiday with friends – a holiday which, after prolonged gentle persuasion, we persuaded her to extend to include a flight to London for a photographic session. Meeting her at Heathrow Airport was easy, as it isn't every day that a 5 feet, 6 inch red-head with the staggering measurements of 45DD–26–36 comes through Customs to find that she has instantly attracted the admiring and incredulous glances of every male in eye-shot. 'I think they must have mistaken me for some-one

else,' remarked Roxanne with gentle self-mockery as our car sped along the M4, 'and to think that all my friends at home told me British males were so reserved!' During her whirlwind four-day stay, Roxanne was to discover that British cool was largely a myth. 'I've had two marriage proposals and many more rather indiscreet ones,' she laughed on her last morning here. 'I think the whole scene is absolutely fantastic and can't wait for a longer visit.' Neither can we.

LETTERS

continued from page 11

52 Division's, too. We in No. 4 had minimal casualties, other units heavy ones.

Luck? It couldn't be, not on every occasion. It was due to superb training, the leadership of Col. Lord Lovat, and his successor, Col. Dawson.

W. A. Johnson, Ontario, Canada

Just a note to say how interesting I found the article by Tony Jeeves concerning the submachine gun (Vol. 10 No. 1).

Between 1925 and 1930 I was a navigation officer on a vessel owned by an American company and which worked to and from the US. To augment our income we indulged in rum running and immigrant smuggling (mostly Chinese) into first New York until 1926, and then to San Francisco and San Pedro, the port for Los Angeles, which we visited about every three months.

After a few trips things began to get dicey due to the activities of hijackers, so through one of my contacts I acquired a 'Tommy Gun' for our own protection.

This gun was not like the ones illustrated in *Mayfair*. Mine had the magazine on top like the old Lewis gun, held 100 rounds of .45 ammunition, could fire a single shot or rapid fire. It never jammed or let me down, had no locking system and could be dismantled.

I kept the gun until 1945 when I gave it to a collector friend of mine. I wonder if any of your readers might be able to identify this gun. I believe it was made in about 1928.

Master Mariner, Fareham, Hants.

Tony Jeeves says he doubts if the gun described was in fact a true 'Tommy Gun.' It may have been of a different calibre and could indeed have been a Lewis.

As an admirer of the smooth-shaven female pubis, and as a man who has sampled pubic baldness himself, I feel qualified to reply to Mrs J.G. of Kirkcaldy's letter in Vol. 9 No. 11.

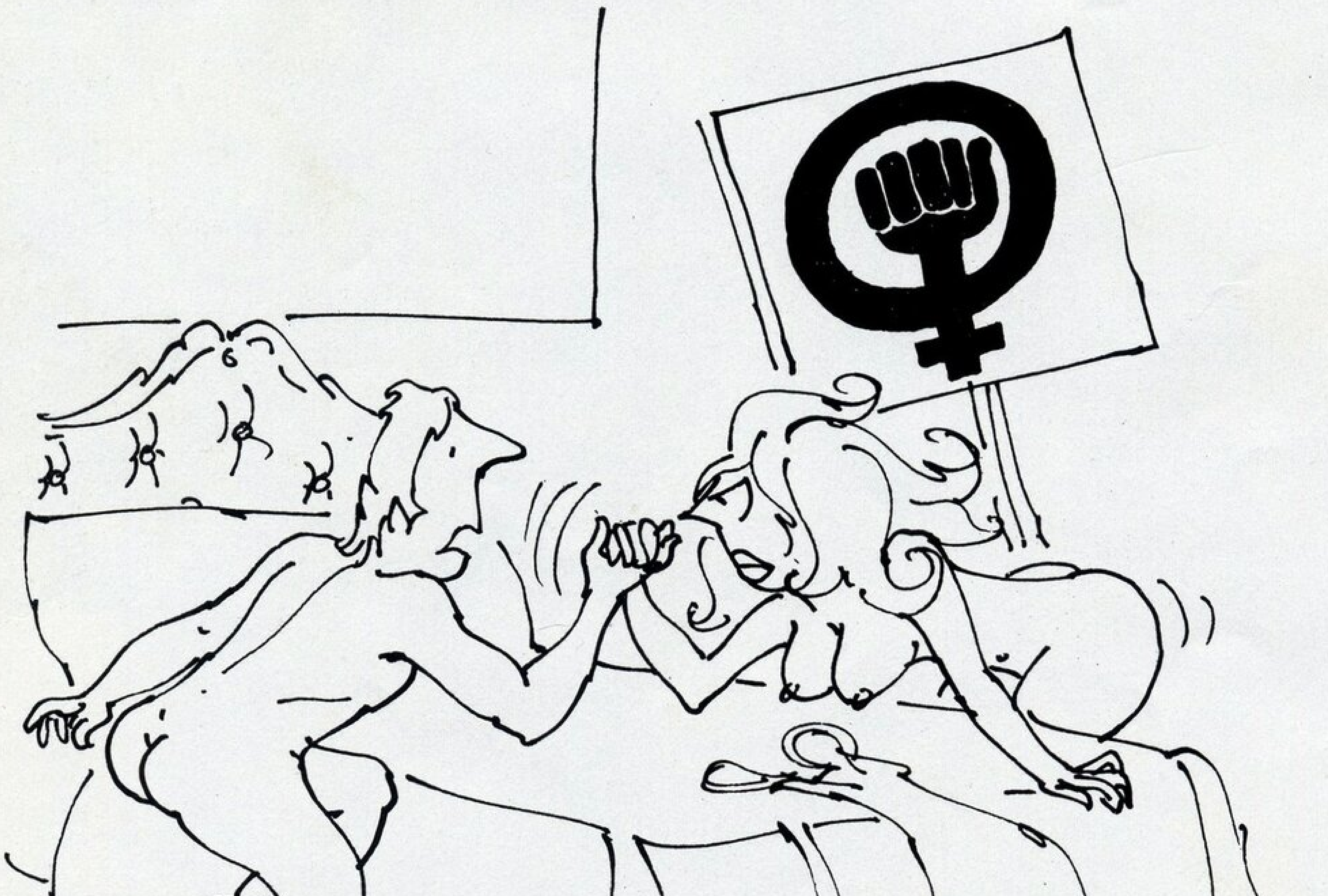
Firstly, let me assure you that I would not recommend pubic shaving for any man unless his growth of other body hair is so sparse as to be completely negligible. Although I have only a light-to-average growth of hair on chest, abdomen and legs, I found that total baldness at just the point where the growth would be expected to be at its thickest would look faintly ridiculous!

However, I still like to keep my pubic hair trimmed fairly short though not entirely removed. This short-haired condition I find neater, cooler in summer and with the added bonus that removal of the undergrowth around the main stem makes the penis *appear* at least an inch longer.

R.S., Watford, Herts.

Fifteen out of ten for your excellent unveiling of Lesley Anne Down in Vol. 10 No.1. What a fabulous girl – so sweet and innocent looking but really sexy too: 'Upstairs, Downstairs' will never be the same again! I'm glad to see you are continuing your policy of baring tele birds. Even if they don't show quite as much as some of your other models, it's worth it to see well known dollies in the nude. May I suggest Anthea Redfern of 'The Generation Game'; Patricia Brake of 'Second Time Around' or Elizabeth Bauer – 'Officer Belding' in 'Ironside.'

Ronald Hank, Bristol



'Look Caroline – do we have to go through all this every time we sleep together?'

The letter and photograph from John Tait regarding a Tibetan lama's interest in *Mayfair* (Vol. 10 No. 1) prompts me to remark on how clean and open minded these people are. They belong, as I do, to the Mahayana School of Buddhism and indulge in Tantric Yoga – the so-called Yoga of Sex. Whereas we in the U.K. are only now beginning to see the harmlessness of what is commonly called 'eroticism,' these people have taken that attitude for centuries and are none the worse off for it.

There is an ancient Tibetan verse which, in English, runs like this:

Is the mind clean?
Then earth and sky are clean.
Is the mind foul?
Then earth and sky are foul,
For 'tis upon the mind that all depends.

Incidentally, I'm no sex-struck youngster; I'm 77-years-young and a lecturer in Oriental philosophy.

Wilfred A. Clark, U.K. member, All India Board of Yoga, Forest of Arden, Warwicks.

Your so-called 'Entertainment for Men' magazine should be banned; indeed all peddlers of pornographic magazines should be banned. Do you wonder why you read in the newspapers of rape cases when disgusting magazines like *Mayfair* are allowed to be sold? I am not ashamed to have my address printed as I am fighting for a cause – to rid this country of pornographic filth.

The Bible, (I wonder if you have heard of it?) states plainly: *The women turned against God's natural plan and indulged in sex sin with each other. And the men, instead of having a normal sex relationship with women burned with lust for each other . . . their lives became full of every kind of wickedness and sin . . . always thinking of new ways of sinning.* (Romans 1, verses 26, 29, 30, *The Living Bible.*)

If you're honest with yourself, you'll have to admit that this is the truth today. I appeal to your conscience, (that which

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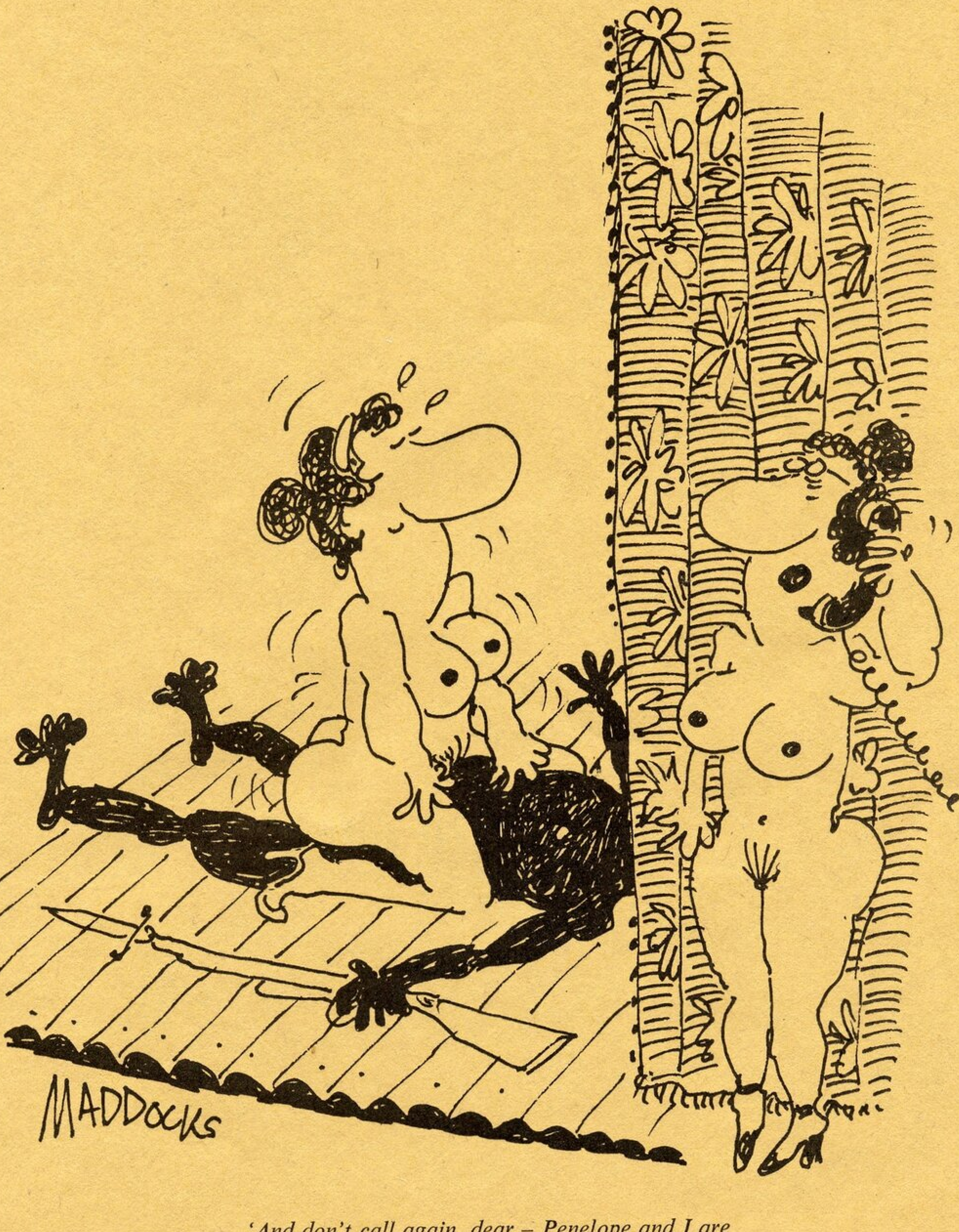
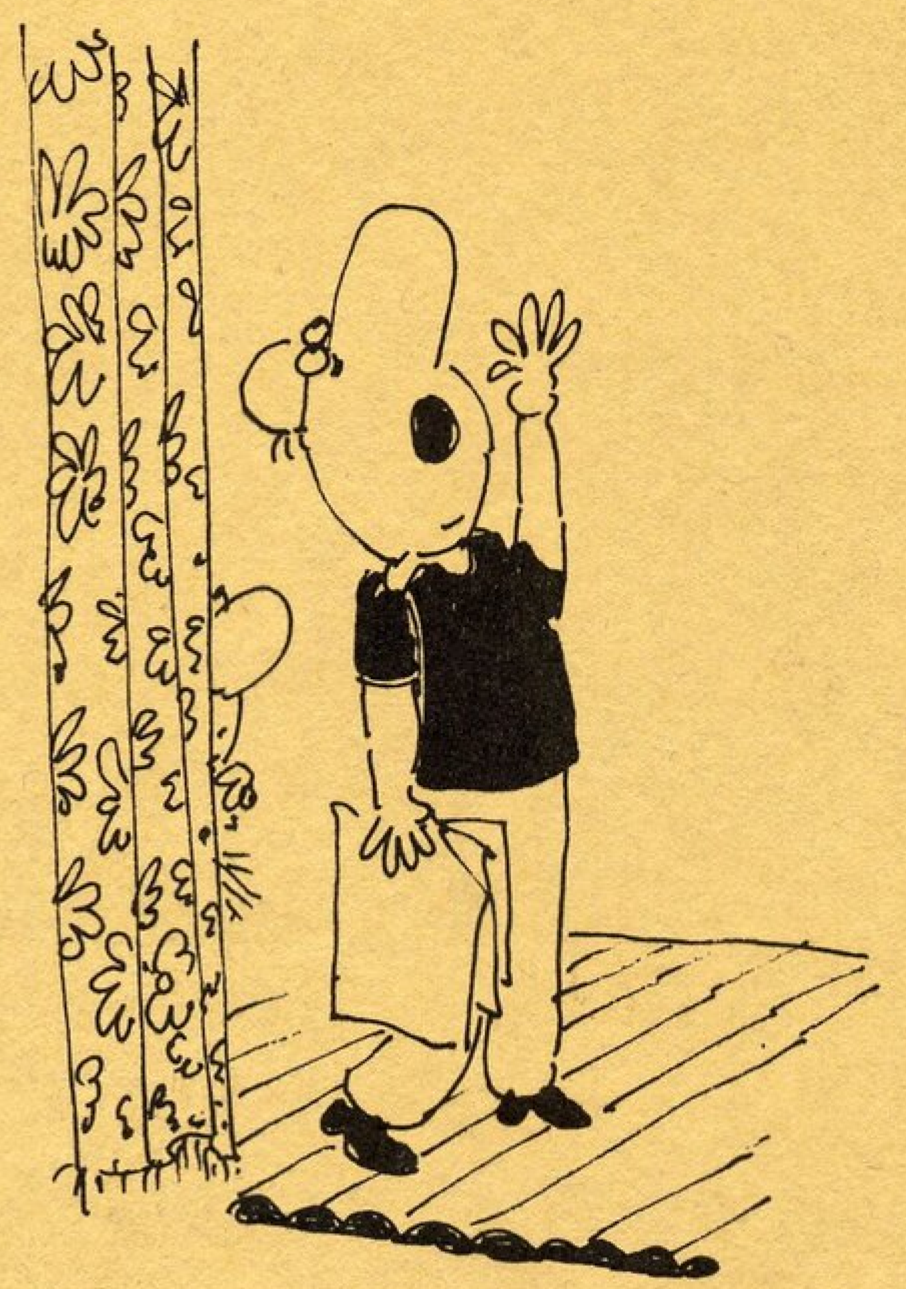


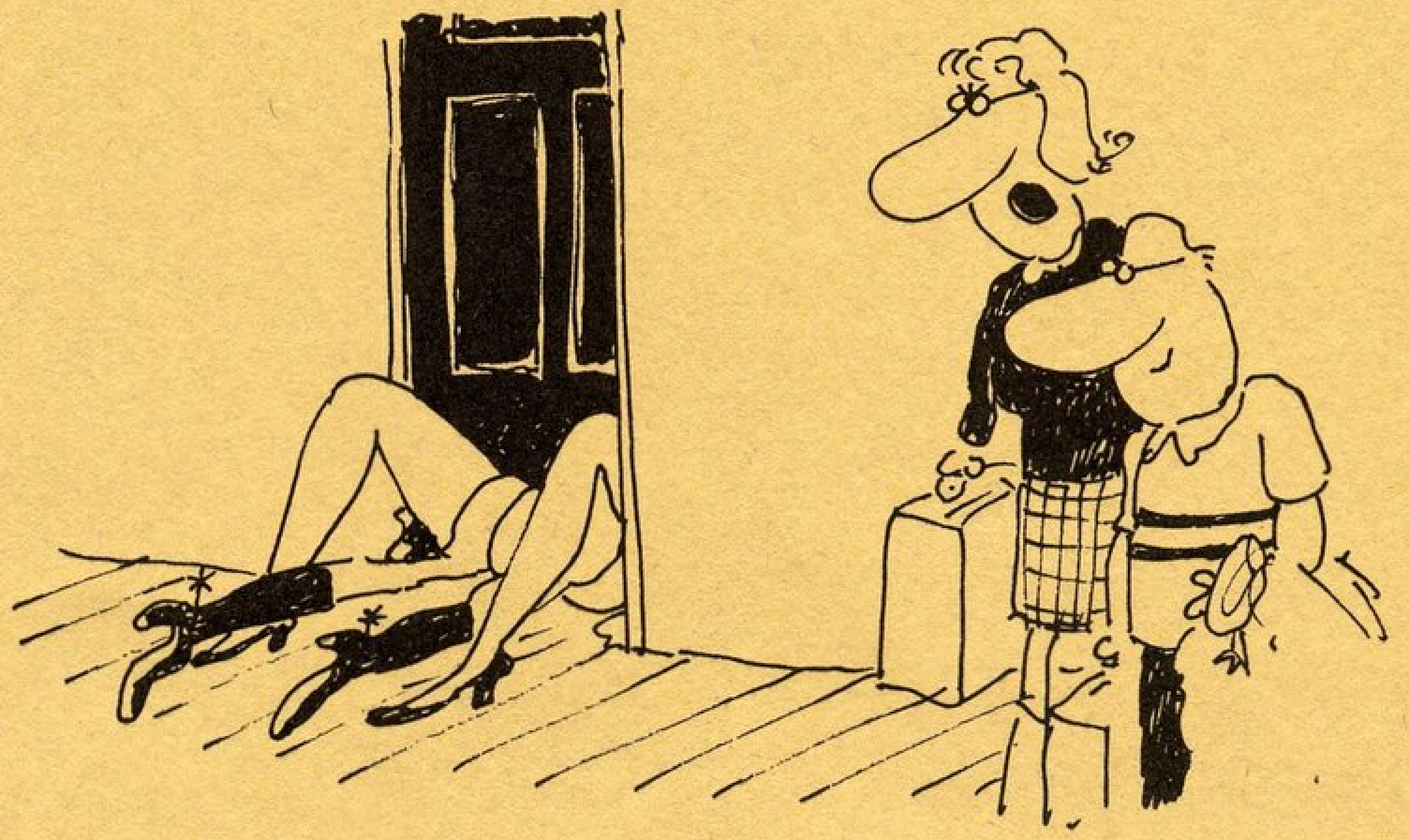
'And don't call again, dear – Penelope and I are doing the chocolate soldier.'

Coming Attractions

Who says work and play don't mix?
Maddocks contemplates what might happen when sex enters the field of amateur dramatics



'Wendy – keep well clear
of Peter Pan's flies, dear.'

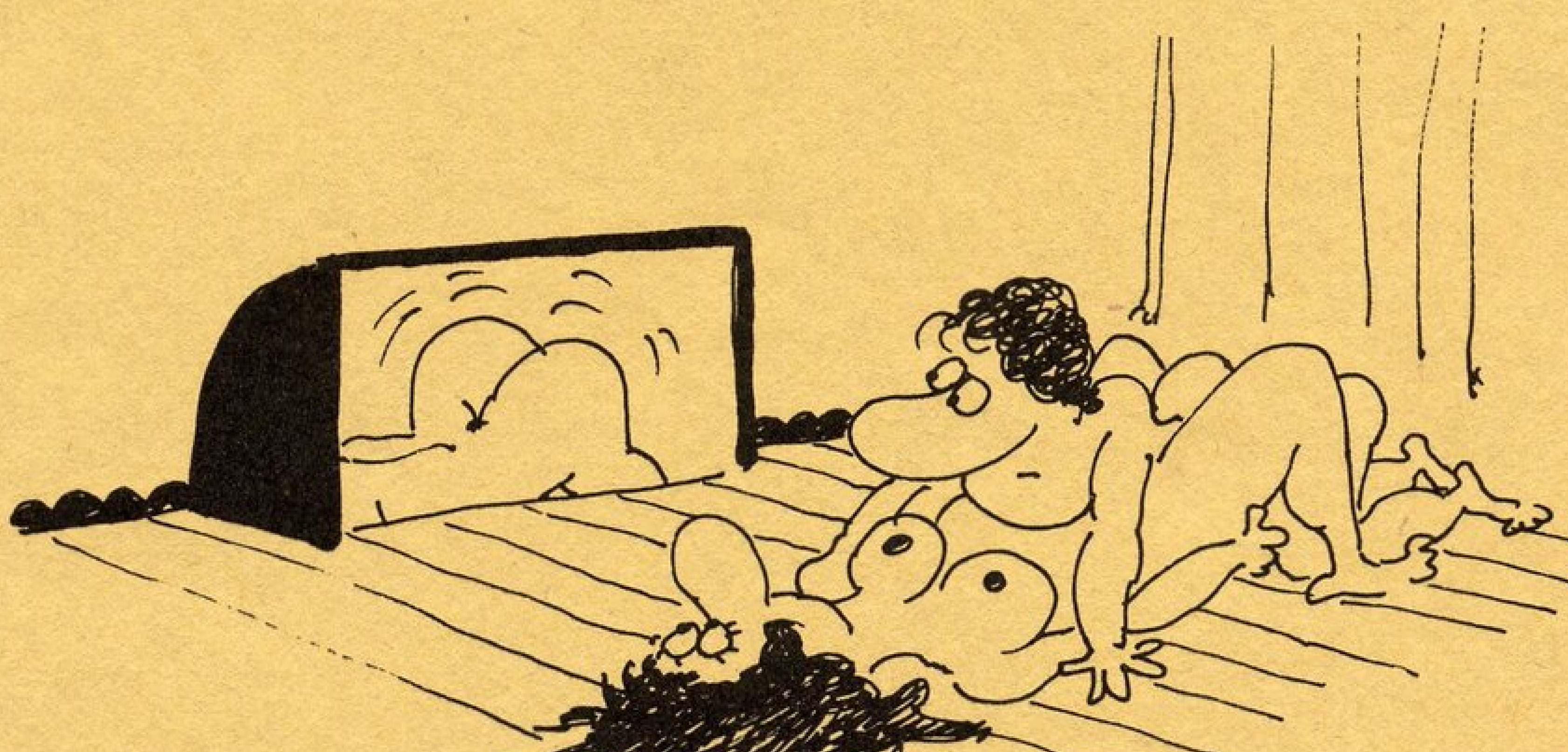


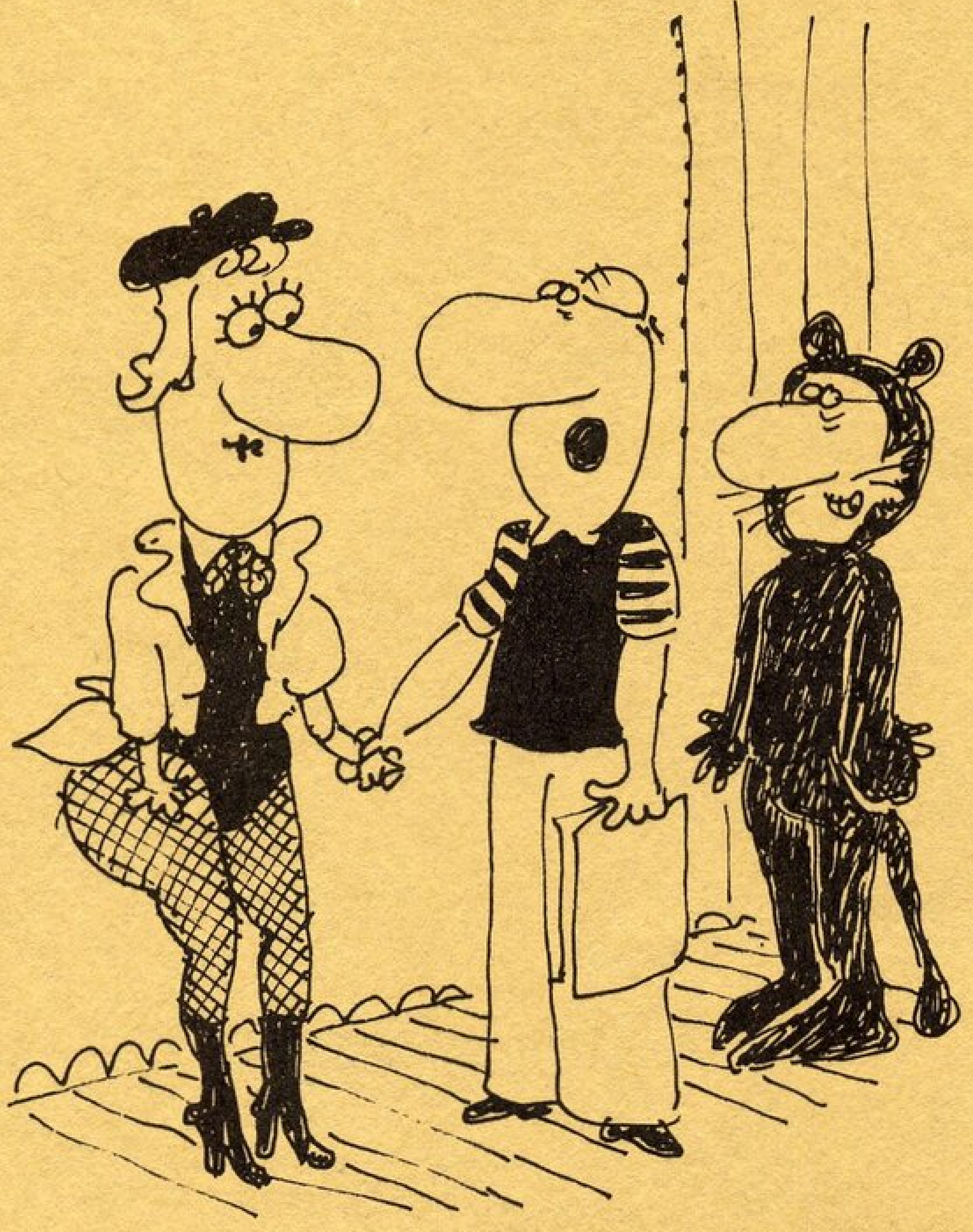
'Oh my God! Are we sharing dressing rooms again?'

ON THE
WATERFRONT

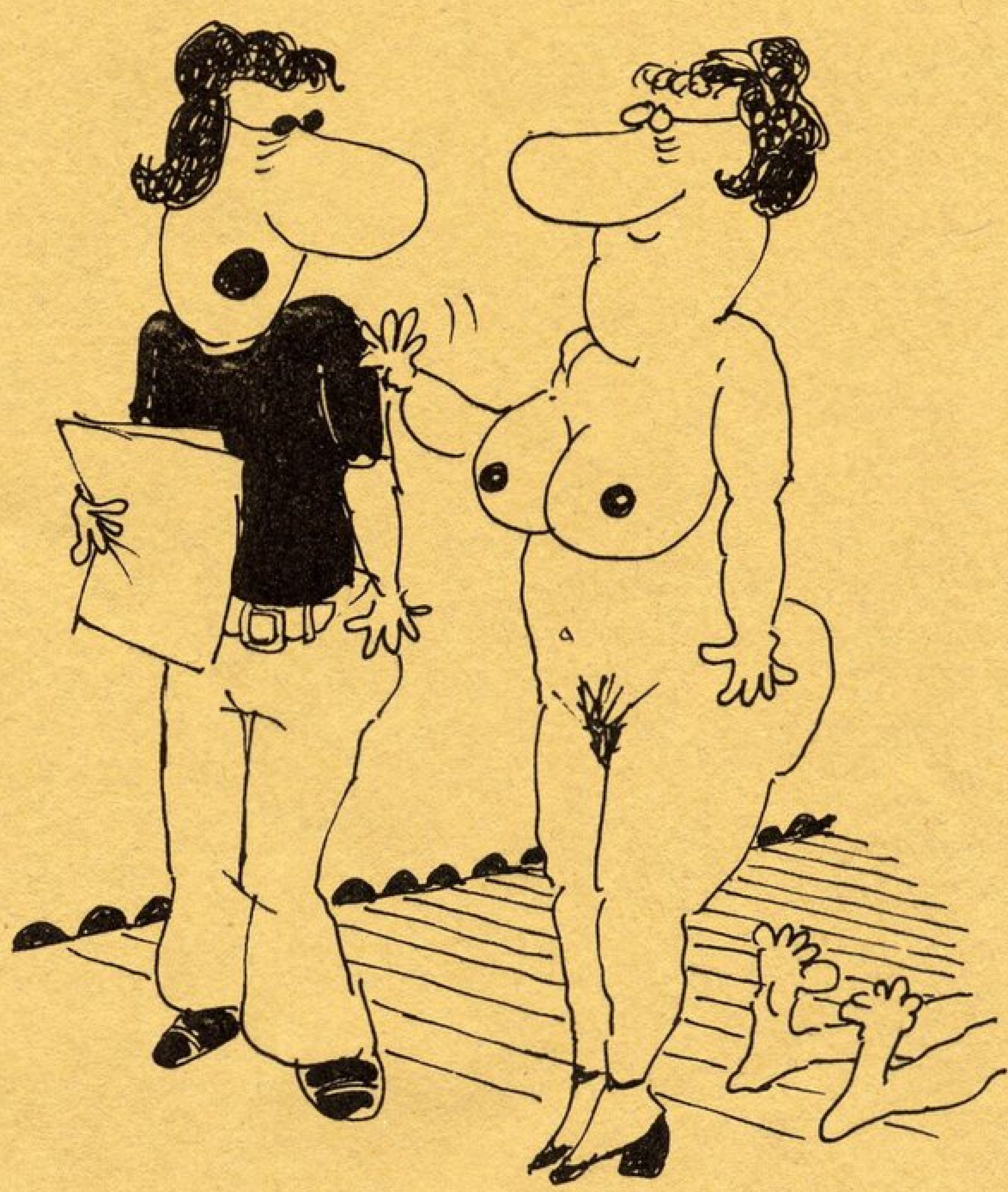
'Easy on the make-up, Adrian. He's supposed to be
a hairy docker, as well as your best friend.'

'Steady on, fella.
You've got the curtain up!'

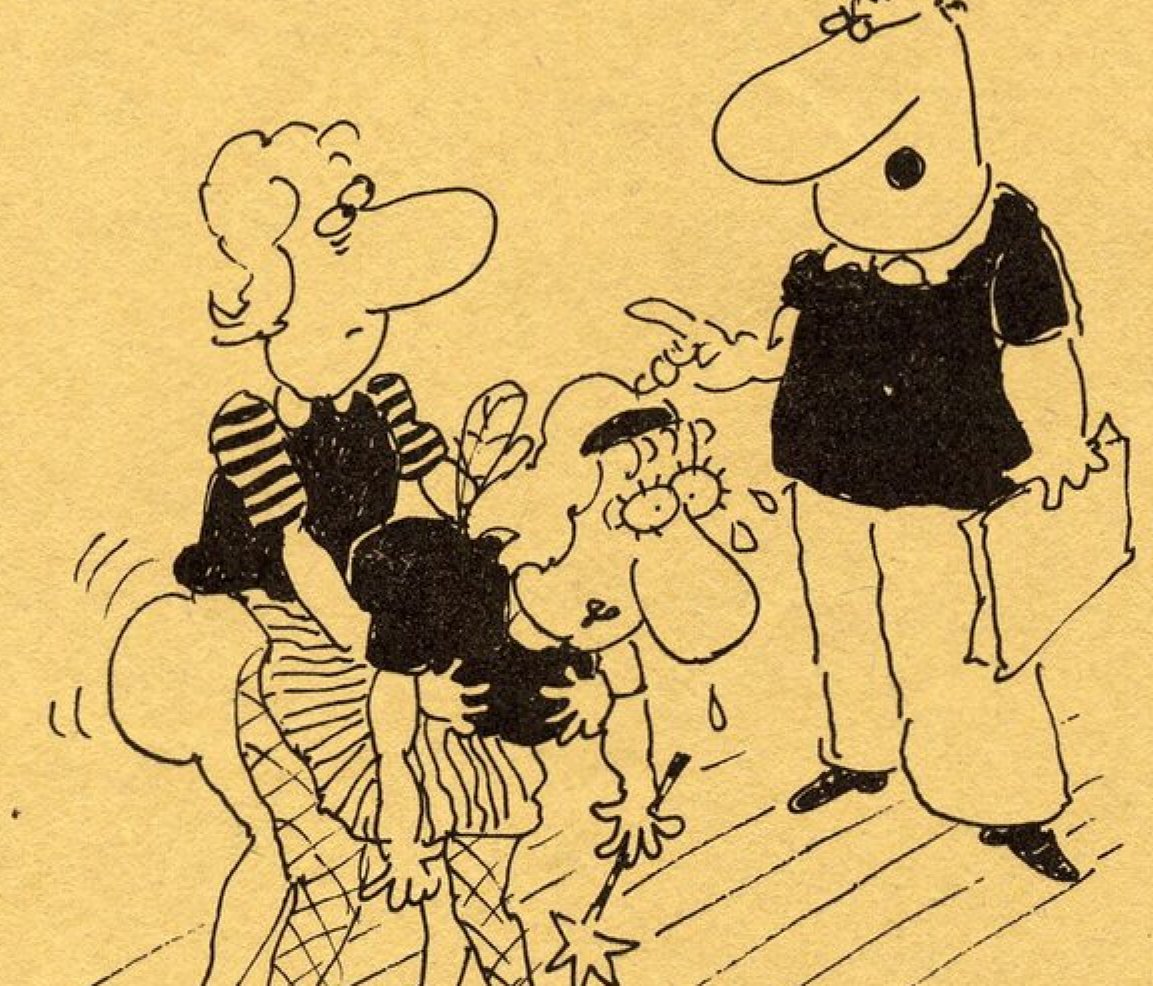




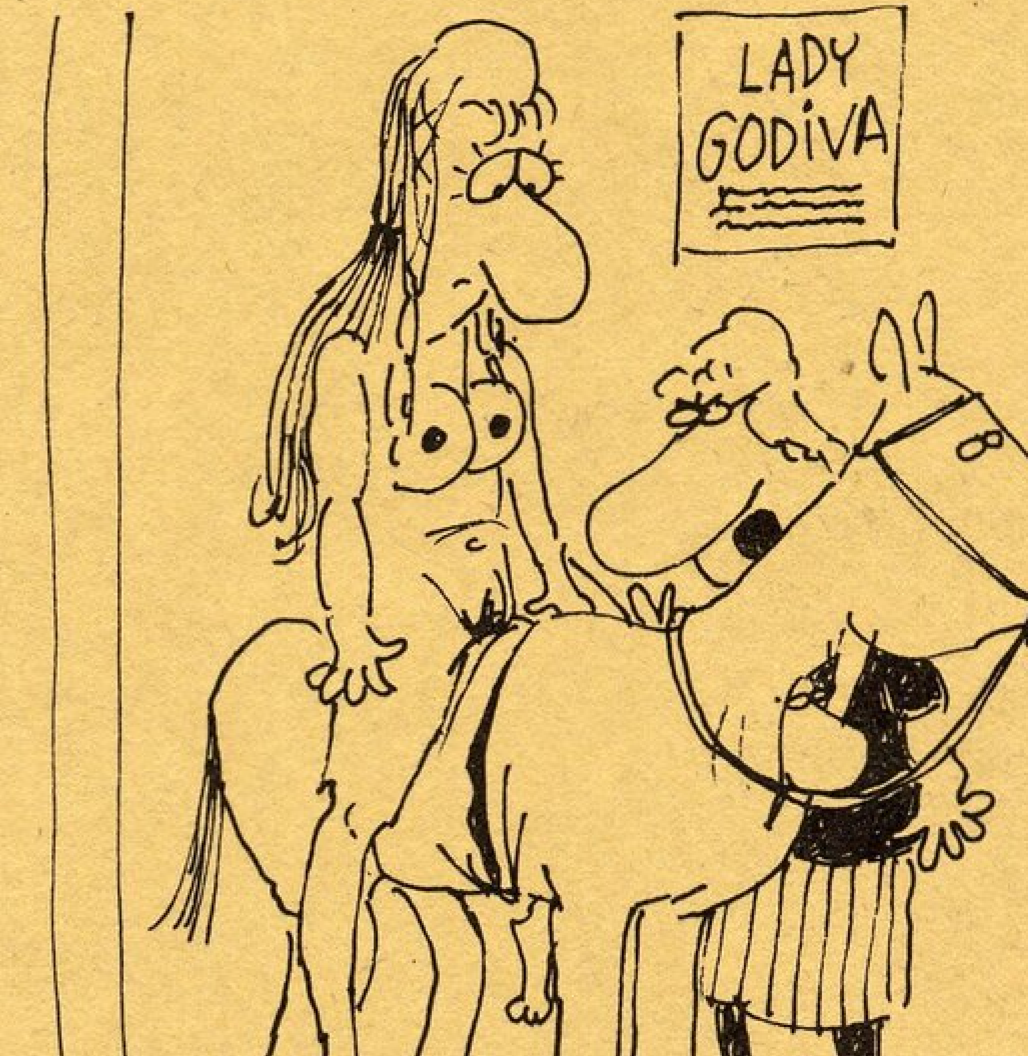
'And when the audience shouts "turn again, Dick" – promise that you'll watch out for that damned cat.'



'But if we rehearse that rape scene any more, the teenage gang leader is going to look middle-aged.'



'I'm not going to explain again what I meant by "enter good fairy, stage left".'



'Face down, at the back, or we will send you to Coventry!'

SECOND OPINION

Mayfair's medical consultancy with Dr. Charles Vintner

This page is to help readers with medical and psychological problems they might find too intimate, or too slight, to take to their doctors. Dr. Vintner's advice is meant to complement that of the reader's GP

I've been going out with a lovely girl for the past 18 months, during which time we've made love countless times. She's always told me that she's had an orgasm, but I read recently that many women just say that because they think it's what their partner wants to hear. I wonder if there is any conclusive way that one can tell if a woman has had an orgasm – a real one and not a series of fake moans and sighs? N.M., London SW12.

It's all true. It doesn't cost anything for a woman to say that she's had an orgasm and it does go a long way toward making the man feel that he's performed up to expectation. It's been written that women all have the potential to have real orgasms, but it's only their brain which stops them. Orgasms don't occur in the genital area, but in the head.

Back to your query. Though not 100 per cent conclusive, there are two fairly accurate pointers as to whether a woman has really had an orgasm. First: a number of women break out in a rash over the chest. It just appears, lasts a few minutes then disappears again. But not all women experience it. A truer indication is that immediately after orgasm, a woman's nipples turn hard. And in fact, Dr. Reuben, in *Everything You Always Wanted To Know*, says this is a mammary lie detector – no erect nipples, no orgasm.

Could you please explain to me what crabs are, as I have a number of bumps around the base of my penis, and I wondered if these could be crabs? If you think they are, perhaps you could tell me how to get rid of them. M.P., Canterbury.

Crabs, or to give them their Latin names, *Pendiculus pubis* are lice, of which there are three variations – head lice, body lice and pubic lice. Fundamentally they are due to lack of careful body hygiene, but they can be transmitted from one person to another through contact, and if one has casual sex this is always one of the possible dangers. Most common treatment involves rubbing Gamma Bluzene Hexachloride, application B.P.C. (the old 'Blue Unction') into the pubic hairs. It's left on for two days, then thoroughly cleaned off. The process is repeated until it's no longer necessary.

However, a *warning*: as I've said so many times, any bumps, soreness, discharge, or any other irregularity around the genitals should be treated immediately, either by a doctor or at the special department of a local hospital. Otherwise, there is the possibility of real trouble if left to develop and, after all, VD can and does, kill! Don't wait, get it seen to right away.

People seem too casual about such things these days, yet with a rather greater degree of sexual permissiveness and with girls on the Pill so that condoms are not so fashionable, the danger of coming away with rather more than one bargained for is always present.

I have enjoyed a very happy life with my wife and in the past the sex side, too, has been most satisfying. Unfortunately, however, my wife has just had a hysterectomy, including the removal of both ovaries. She is quite worried that her sex drives may lose their impetus. Also, if I ejaculate in her where would the sperms go and would she have to douche herself.
P. F., Kenton.

To Mrs P.F., and indeed all other women who have undergone this operation, may I offer some words of advice. *Please* forget all those silly wives' tales about loss of sexual desire and libido as a result of a hysterectomy. Nothing is further from the truth. In fact, anyone who claims such a loss is probably doing so deliberately with the help of the idea which may have been fed into them that they're now 'past having sex'. Having a womb removed is similar to having an appendix out: neither are life support systems and one can enjoy a full sex life without them. Look on it as a blessing in disguise, as it means no more periods and enables you to enjoy sex 365 days of the year, if you wish. And there are no worries about birth control.

Make up your mind Mrs. F. to have a really good time from now on and have as much sex as you can. The more you have the more you will need and appreciate, and the better your husband will become – there's nothing like a regular diet of intercourse to develop a continued sexuality in a man.

Now for the other part of your question. The fluid will be partially retained or absorbed but should there be any excess it will drip out when you stand up, as it does in any case. There is no need for douching; there is no need for worry.

I hope you can help me. I'm planning to get married in a few months, but my fiancée and I haven't indulged in any form of pre-marital sex. Now I've got the unenviable job of telling her that I've only got one testicle. Actually I've heard so many stories about this condition, I wonder if you can put me straight. I also wonder if you could advise me on whether, in fact, I should tell her before we're married. E.B., Gillingham.

Well, E.B., I can assure you that first there's little to worry about. In most cases the remaining testicle, provided it's healthy, does the work of two, and therefore there would be no reason why you couldn't become a father, if that's what you're worried about. But certainly go along to your doctor and, to put your mind at rest, have a fertility test. As for telling your girlfriend, I most certainly would and, if necessary, ask her to go with you to your doctor so you can discuss it.

Dr. Vintner welcomes your letters and all letters will be treated as confidential. No names and addresses will ever be published, but full names and addresses must be included in your letters. Your letters will be acknowledged by an acknowledgement sent in a plain sealed envelope. The name Dr. Charles Vintner is a pseudonym for a qualified medical practitioner.

DR. VINTNER REPLIES ONLY TO LETTERS FOR PUBLICATION. NO CORRESPONDENCE WILL OTHERWISE BE ENTERED INTO.

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NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

We're fast approaching spring, the season when a young man's fancy turns to what a young woman's been thinking of all winter. And who better to conjure up the proverbial sexy image than those traditional romantics, the French. We sought them out to capture the flavour of France in a delightful new restaurant on that moonlit boulevard – Putney High Street. It is, in fact, **Cassis,** 30 Putney High Street, London SW15 (Tel: 01-788 8668), and it's only a short drive from Chelsea and Fulham, if you happen to live in the popular Kensington area.

And if you do, it will be well worth your while making the journey since the chef from *Le Gavroche* has a share in this new venture, and you are therefore quite likely to find him there. Readers will know how often a restaurant starts off with a good chef, and then loses him all too quickly – but if the owner gives the chef a share in the restaurant, continuity is assured, and this has happened at *Cassis.*

The French dishes are superb, and the *entrecôte steak* can safely be ordered *bleu* without having to wait until it arrives to see whether one should have ordered it more done. The menu is small but varied, and changes regularly, with delicacies such as *soufflés* in the starters section. You would have to work hard to spend £5 per head including wine, and although the decor is rather Spartan at this stage, the management are continually adding to the tall long room to make the atmosphere more compatible with relaxation – but *Cassis* is good enough to recommend just for the food.

Our French Theme is continued with a reminder to those of you who have not recently visited **Le Français Restaurant,** at 259 Fulham Road, SW3 (Tel: 01-352 3668/4748) that Jean-Jacques Figeac is another fine example of a man who cooks the food in his own restaurant, and therefore maintains a constant standard. It is a busy, bustling restaurant, with plenty of noise, and clearly a place where it is wise to book in advance.

I kept a careful eye on the fish tank, having ordered *Truite aux Amandes,* and noted the netting of one of the most delectable Truites aux Amandes that I've tasted. Regular visits to France by the proprietors enable them to purchase the regional wines to accompany the regional dishes in which the restaurant specialises, and it is always possible, any week, to sample three or four regional specialities together with the local vin de pays, an event of increasing rarity in London these days. Expect to spend about £6 per head including wine if you fall for the temptations of the well-stocked brandy and liqueur trolley.

Le Provençale on the Portsmouth Road, South of Cobham in Surrey (Tel: 3006) is also what many places claim to be but are not: a first class French restaurant. It is next door to The Seven Hills Hotel – once Neville Chamberlain's home – and is the latest member of the Crestmonte Group owned by Jimmy Cressy. The Manager is M. Leon; knowledgeable and attentive. He will recite the whole menu without looking at it, which is some feat.

Le Provençale is not cheap. It could not be, serving the type of food it does with an entire French highly qualified staff. Like all really good restaurants you can have anything you wish, if it is available: whether it is on the menu or not. The wine list is carefully chosen to suit all pockets and great care is taken to serve it at the right temperature.

There is just about every type of meat, edible fish and poultry. Provençale cooking owes much to garlic and chef's individual sauces. They are here in abundance. A recent innovation is the charcoal grill with chef in attendance in the corner of this pleasant room. You don't *have* to have French food. The French you see are extremely logical. Two plus points are the gardens with their view, and the ultra hygienic lavatories.

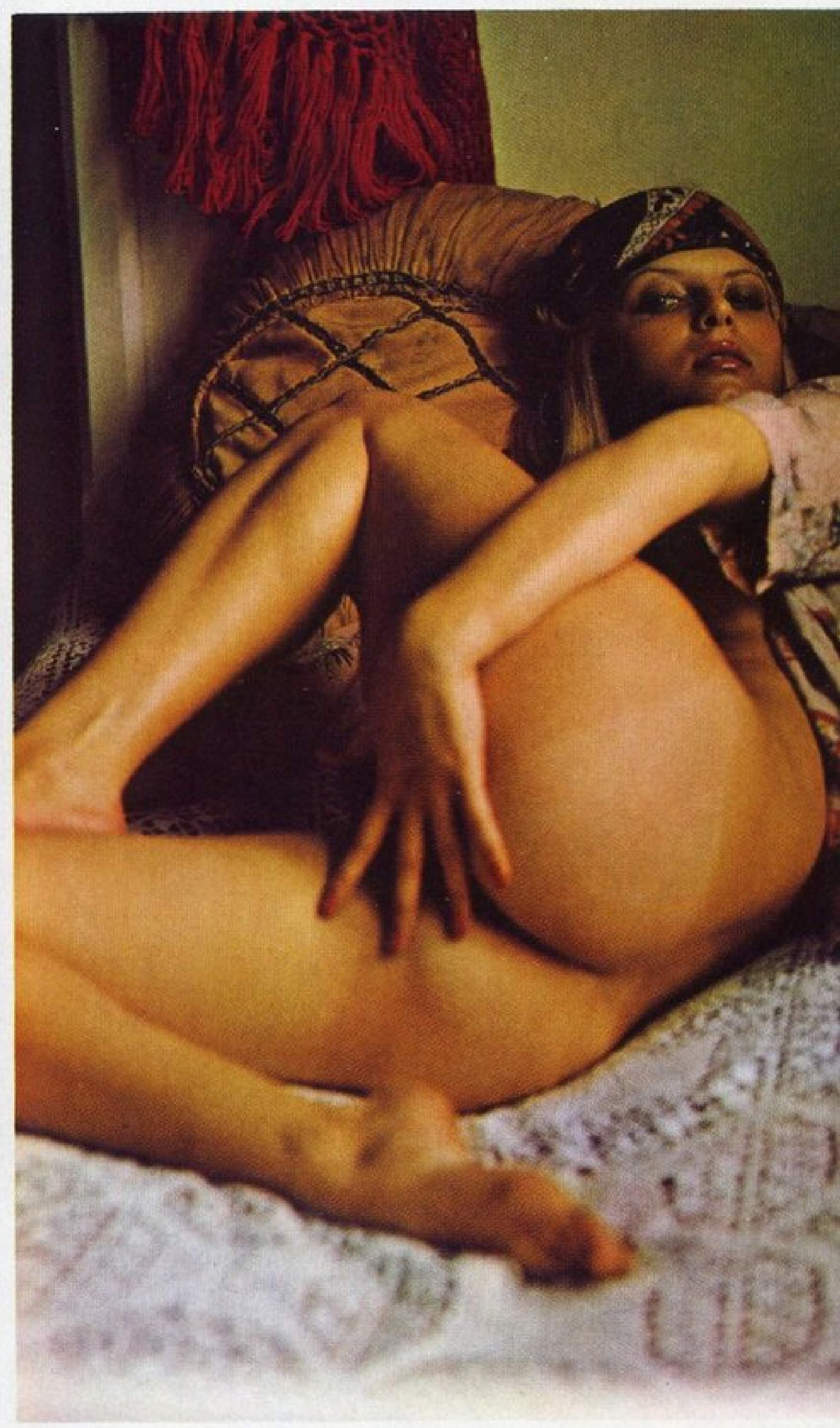
On the other side of the Channel, we've seen the latest show presented by Alain Bernardin at the **Crazy Horse Saloon,** 12 avenue George V, Paris – and it all swings, in more ways than one. Whereas we told you last year that Alain Bernardin had succeeded in choreographing the eight cheeks of the bottoms of four girls into a recognisable and admirable dance routine, this year he has excelled himself by choreographing in the finale 'Ça, c'est la Classe' the assembled bottoms of 11 girls in an eye-riveting superb routine.

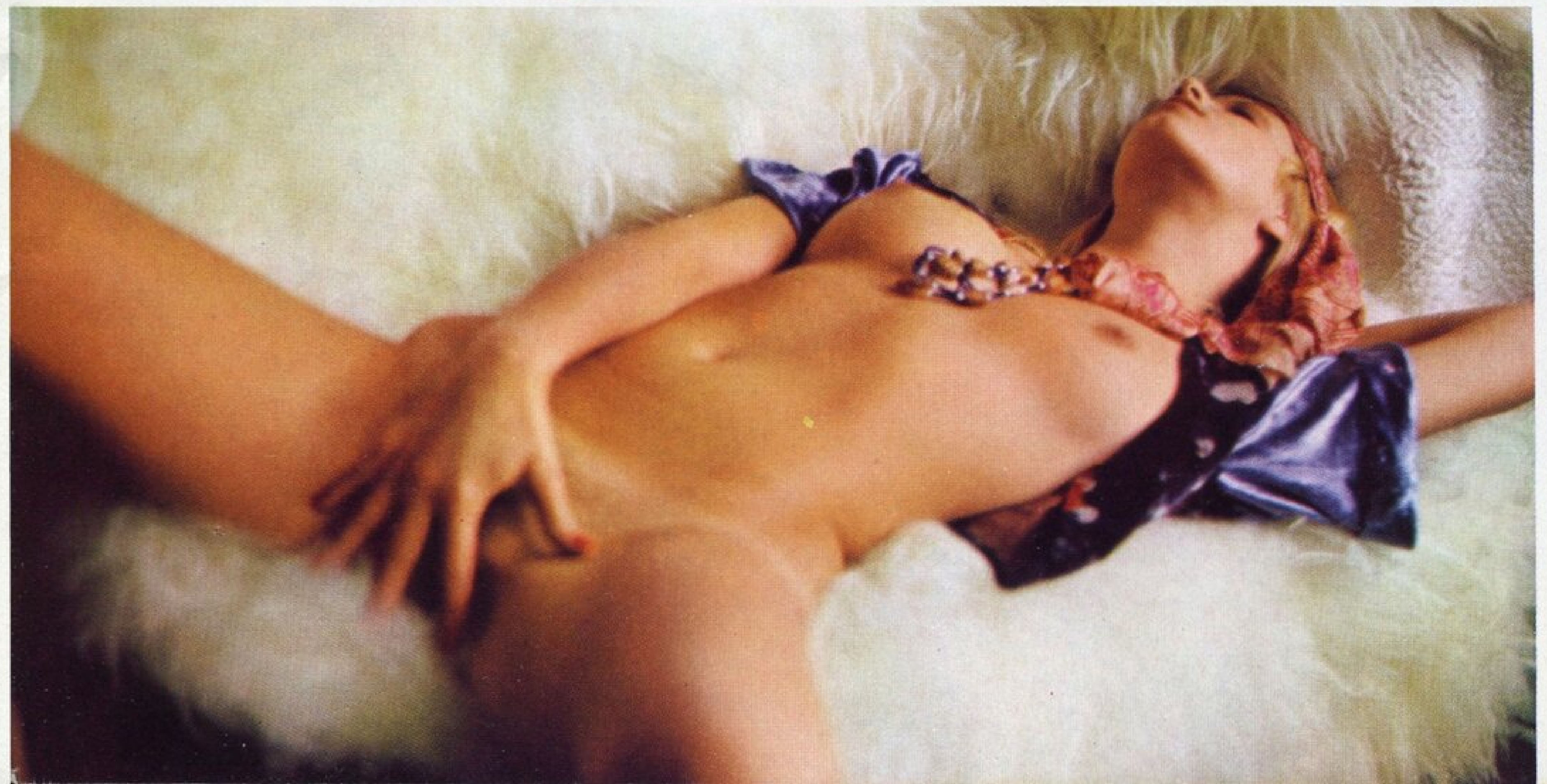
The Crazy Horse Saloon maintains its reputation of producing the most sexy show in Paris, though not necessarily the most expensive, although prices stand now at the £13 mark for a half-bottle of champagne for one person if you are seated at a table. My advice to you, given in an earlier article about Paris, to stand at the bar (thereby being able to buy drinks at half the table price) still stands – with the added advantage that as soon as the show starts you are able to sit actually on the bar top, obtaining the best view of the cabaret in the house. The show still contains girls with the delightful names of Polly Underground, Lova Moor, Anna Portobello, and Miko Miku – but I think you will have forgotten the names when you still remember the rows of choreographed bottoms!

Bottom of the classe? Final routine from the floor show at the Crazy Horse Saloon, Paris, choreographed by Alain Bernardin.

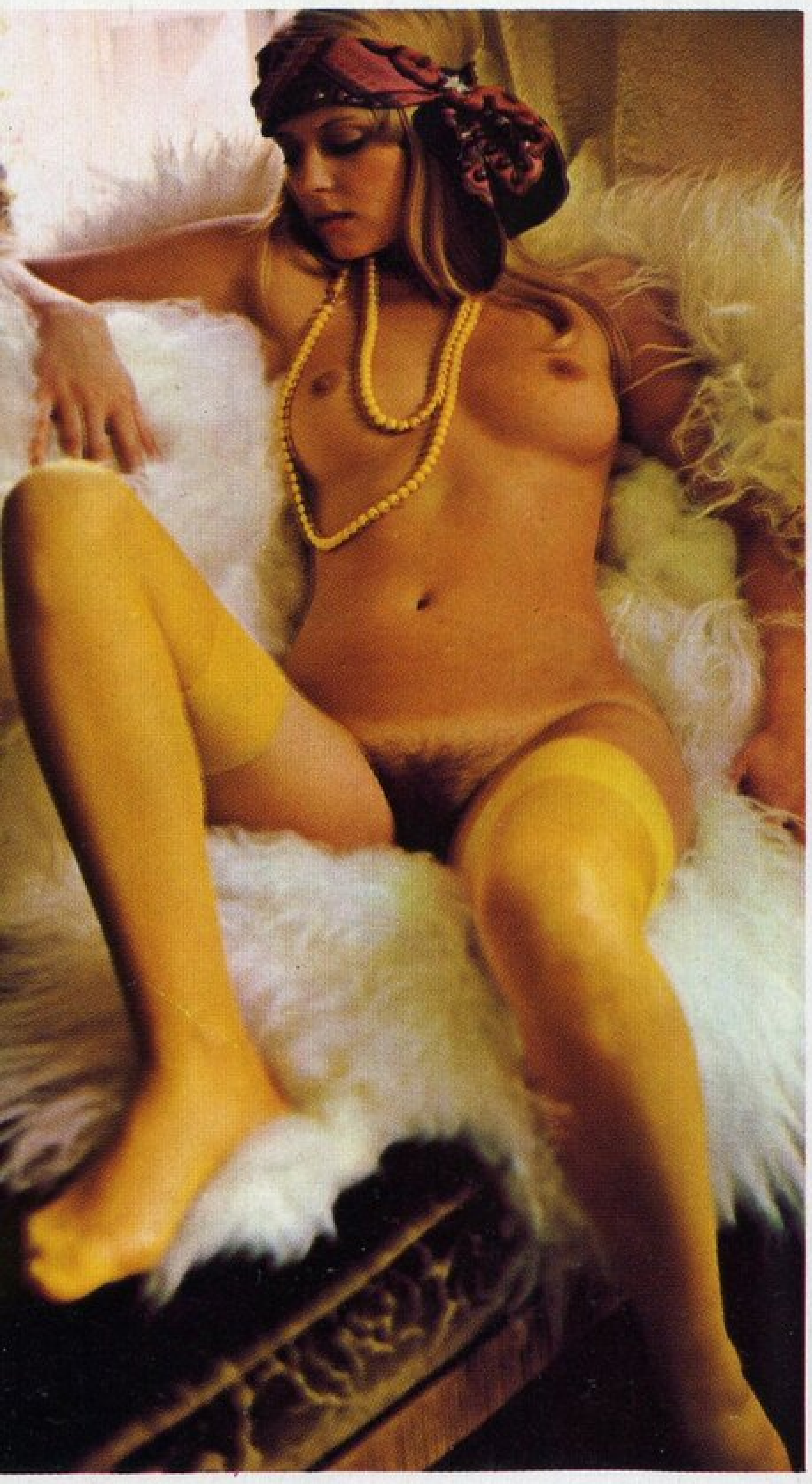
NATASHA

The Wizard, a welcoming and popular pub in Cheshire's Alderley Edge is crowded with Sunday lunchtime drinkers. 21-year-old Natasha Williams sits in a quietish corner, sipping a whisky and ginger-ale and discussing the legends and folk-lore that surround the often eerie and forbidding area. 'The pub gets its name from the Wizard that's supposed to be buried under Alderley Edge,' she explains. 'He's somewhere underground with an army of Knights who will rise up and rescue England if we're ever threatened by evil powers. It's a bit spooky really, and the stories become much more believable after dark, because when night falls it gets very sinister out there. I saw a ghost once. Truly. I was driving home at about eight one night and I was passing a telephone box by one of the gates when I saw an old woman wearing a shawl. I slowed down as I thought she might be trying to cross the road





and she just, well, vanished. Now you'll probably feel that there's a rational explanation, but I can tell you that I was really frightened. I drove home like a bullet and was shaking like a leaf when I got inside the door. I never travel through Alderley Edge after dark now unless there's no way I can avoid doing so. There are stories that after night falls, little goblins and long-legged thingies come out to play, which may all sound very childish and silly, but I for one would rather be safe and cowardly than brave with little beasties cavorting around me.' She laughs and tosses back a mane of tawny hair. 'Anyway, if it's all the same to you, I'll change the subject or I'll be working myself into such a state that I'll be scared to drive home even in broad daylight!' She sips at her drink and pats a large and amiable old English sheepdog that has wandered over in search of some attention. 'We'll talk about me instead of those nasty spooks. As you'll be writing this for *Mayfair*, I suppose you'll be wanting all the lurid and sexy details of my love life. Well, surprise surprise, there aren't any! Hardly any actually, as I sometimes think after reading what other girls say in *Quest* and things like that, that I must be rather boring sexually speaking. I mean I'm quite happy just making love in the missionary position. I don't think it's all that necessary to contort yourself into *Karma Sutra* positions just to have a good time. As regards oral sex, I think it's fine as long as it doesn't become an absolute necessity when making love. I just tend to do what I'm in the mood for. Sometimes I might be totally passive, sometimes I'll take the lead. It all depends on who I'm with and how I feel.' Natasha stands to let her sheepdog friend amble off; a 5 feet, 5 inch, 36–23–36 figure unaware of turning heads and admiring glances as she pats doggie goodbye, unconscious of the fact that every male in the bar would at that exact moment willingly and cheerfully like to be patted too, just like the dog.



One pint today please

Do housewives really seduce their milkman? John Dunne tells his own story

As I threw a crate of empty milk bottles on to the float, I cursed the cold sharp rain which sought a passage down my neck.

I was cheesed off with my new job as a milkman, of that there was little doubt. All those frustrated housewives I'd read about in the Sunday papers were keeping their frustration very much to themselves, not sharing it out to deserving milkmen.

It wasn't so long ago I had a good three thousand a year plus job with a large firm. But you can imagine my surprise when I was given the golden boot as soon as the firm ran into a little financial bother.

There were several things in the pipeline, of course. One of them had to turn up trumps, but while I waited for the interviews to come Marian, my wife, insisted I find a temporary job. But you know it's not as easy as that. To tell you the truth she began to nag a little bit so I found myself finding solace in the local boozer most lunch-times, when she thought I was out job hunting. Marian doesn't usually nag, in fact she's been a good wife still with plenty of sexual attraction.

Anyway to get back to the point. It was during a lunch-time drinking session I met Tom, an old mucker of mine. We got talking, in between pints of beer, and I naturally mentioned my problem.

'Simple,' said Tom, 'become a milkman.'

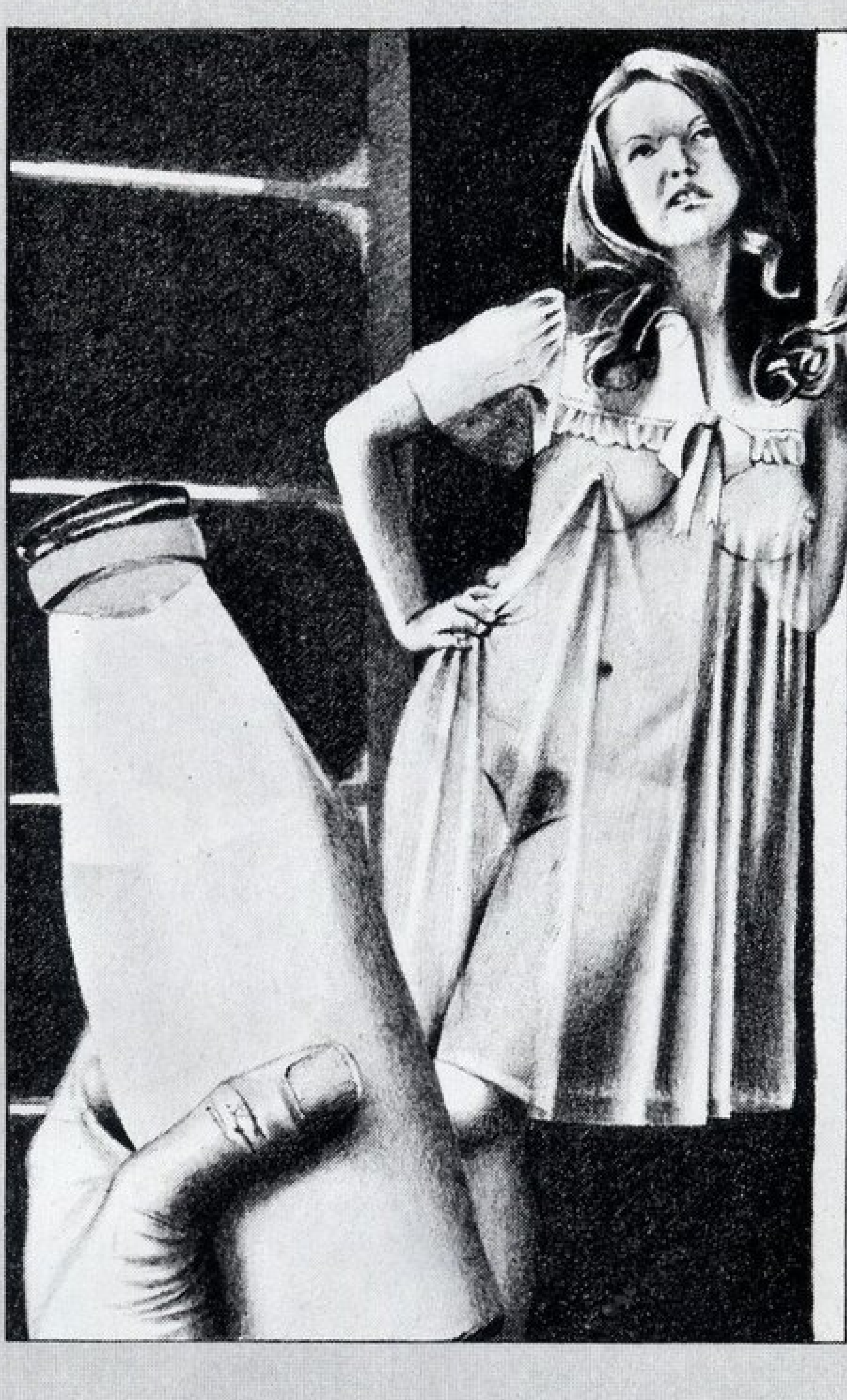
'Become a milkman?' I couldn't believe it. 'You must be kidding?'

No. Tom was serious. He had been a milkman between jobs up north for a while and his description of the wonderful, varied, outdoor life sounded like a telly ad. And the bit about the available crumpet also sounded like the right tonic for my ailing ego. You lose a little of your manhood when you lose a well paid job, and although I was quite happy with Marian, I longed for the opportunity of turning down the amorous advances of beautiful Amazonian housewives clad in sexy see-through négligés. Such women were not satisfied with a peck on the cheek as their husbands hurried off to their unproductive office jobs. What they needed was a strong handsome milkman, what they needed was me.

My fantasies were grounded as Tom shook my arm and handed me an empty glass . . .

So I became a milkman. The lads at the depot seemed to find the idea of there being dozens of birds just waiting for their milkman to call a bit on the funny side. But I had faith in my charm, my crate of milk and my official peaked hat. Women love a uniform.

Yet as I climbed dejectedly into my cab, I felt far from charming, my crate weighed a ton and my peaked cap did nothing to stop the rain pouring down my neck. My only link with those man-hungry Amazonian creatures was the various cryptic notes



left in grimy milk bottles: 'One pint today please'.

I'm not saying I didn't meet any crumpet, that would be lying. But women clad in curlers and looking like last night's supper are not the tastiest of meals. It's no wonder their husbands only give them a peck on the cheek in the mornings.

As I halted the float outside number 34, I was just beginning to formulate my resignation in my mind. I was also beginning to curse the lunch-time drinking session which got me involved with milkmanning. Grabbing a couple of pints of milk I trudged up the garden path to number 34, feeling the water squelch in my shoes. I'd give Tom a mouthful of abuse the next time I saw him.

Squinting towards heaven I saw the clouds close in and darken menacingly. How I longed to be warm and snug in bed with a demanding woman, especially on a day like this. Wouldn't it be nice to be able to leave the milk bottles on the float and just knock on any door in the road to sample the delights of womanhood.

As I reached the door to number 34, it opened to reveal an attractive blonde who stood against the post. Putting her hand on her slim waist, she smiled. She wasn't an Amazonian beauty, I had to admit, but she was nicely put together all the same. She didn't wear curlers and look like last night's supper; she looked very tasty.

'Hello love. Do you fancy a cuppa? You look as if you can do with it.' Her wide mouth broke into a seductive smile. Her big dark eyes roved over my body, noting with some humour the water dripping off my official peaked cap.

I must admit I was too wet and annoyed to be in the mood for tea, but I soon changed my mind as I saw her well formed breasts heave with every breath, and her up-turned nipples seem to harden and poke through her flimsy négligé.

'That's the best offer I've had all week,' I replied trying to smile. She turned and I followed her into the hall, watching her lovely backside sway as her fine long legs carried her into the kitchen. When she opened the kitchen door the light shone through and she was silhouetted in such a way as I was able to see every curve in her body. And I was left in no doubt that her legs went right up to her bottom. She turned and I began to break out into a sweat as her breasts bobbed inside her négligé. 'I was just about to pour a cup when I heard your van,' she said smiling.

'Float love, it's a float.'

'Whatever you call it, it makes no difference does it?'

'None at all'.

'Why don't you take off your wet clothes and come and join me?' She seemed to place an accent on the word clothes, but it must have been my imagination.

After taking off my wet cap, my wet coat and even my wet shoes I followed her mopping my wet face with a wet hanky. I hadn't enjoyed a cup of tea like this in a long time. It was really welcoming.

'When do you have to be back at work, love?' I could swear I saw her pout her lips.

'Oh, not for another half hour yet.' Yippee! I thought to myself as she crossed her legs and exposed a mass of supple flesh that just demanded to be caressed.

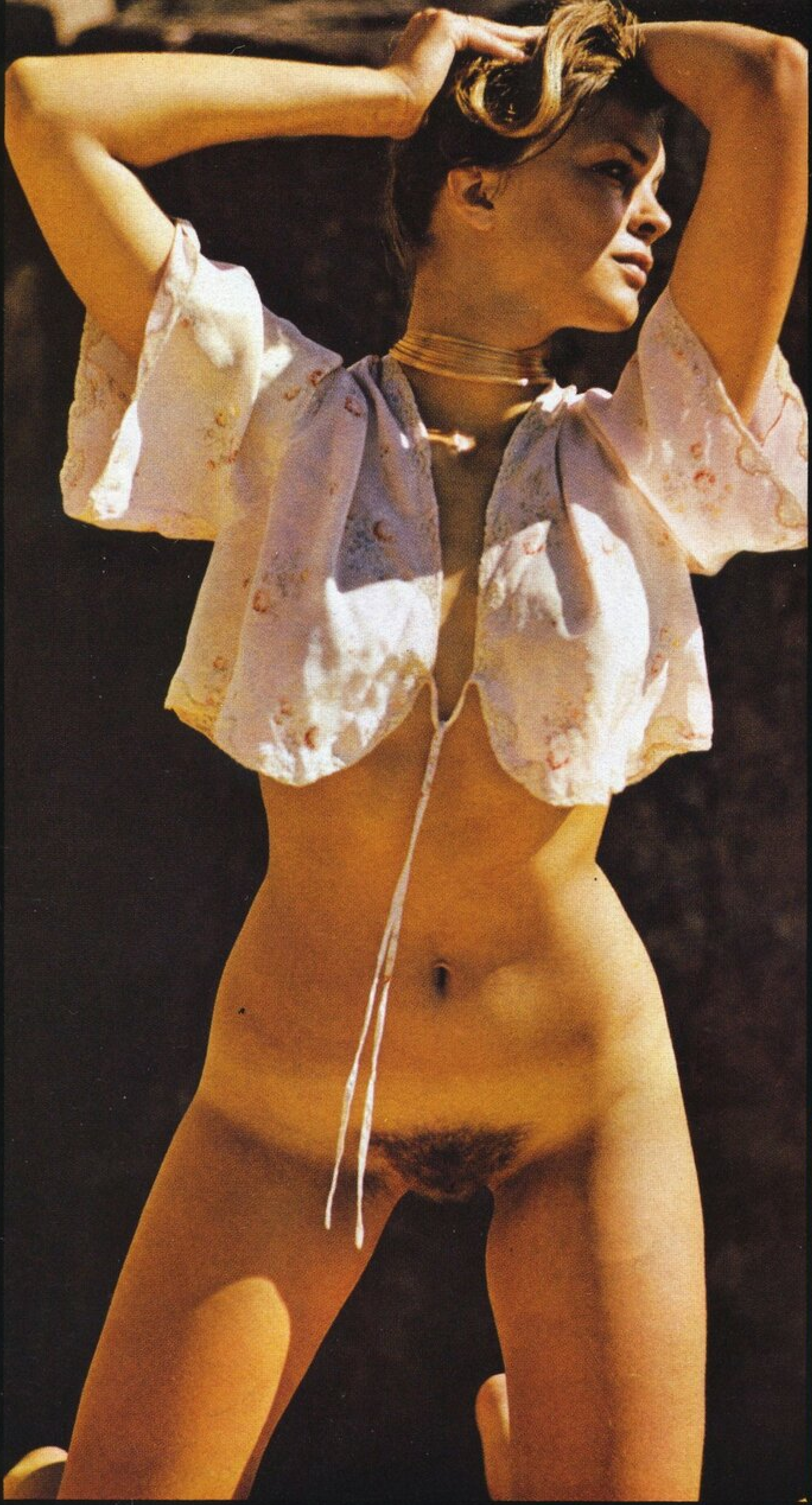
She grinned seductively. 'Do you fancy a bit upstairs then, before you go back?'

Did I fancy a bit upstairs? Who said dreams didn't come true? This job wasn't so bad after all. As she led the way up the steep stairs, allowing me to view her assets to the full, I mentally tore up my letter of resignation. This was a perk I never enjoyed at the office; it was far better than pinching a secretary's bottom once in a while.

In the bedroom I stood in the doorway watching her take off her négligé to reveal her firm body in all its splendid glory. I began to take off my trousers as she yawned and stretched out her body, her breasts hardening against her chest and the flesh around her stomach tightening.

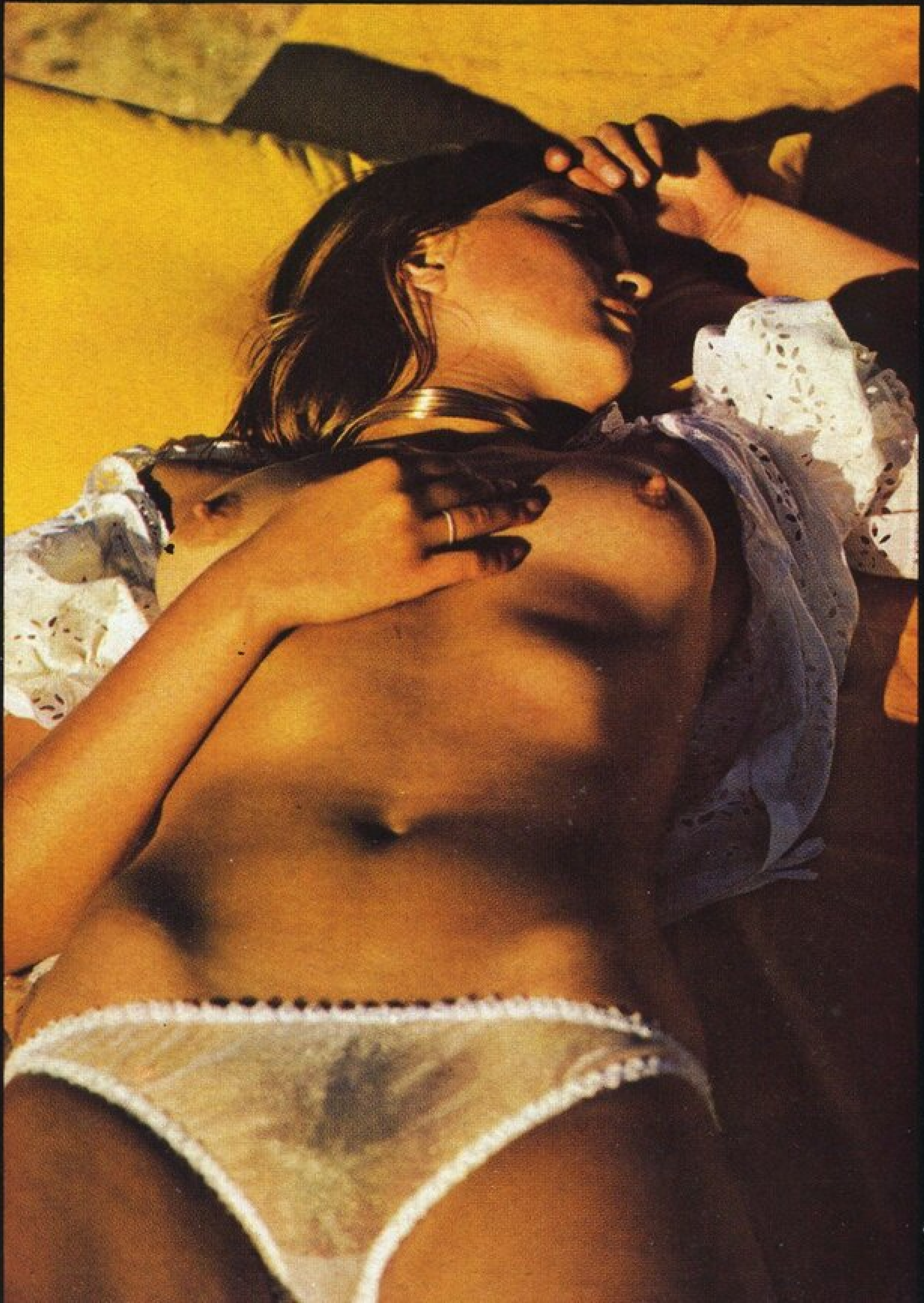
As she slid her body between the sheets she turned, 'Make sure you hang your trousers properly before you come in. Don't think I spent all night ironing your clothes just for you to sling them on the floor in a heap.'

'Yes Marian my love,' I sighed, finding the washed out creases in my trousers. 'Anything you say, dear.'



MORGWEN

Twenty-one-year-old Morgwen Powys hails from a small village in the shadows of the Cambrian Mountains, where the nights are all Bible-black and the girls are – or try to be – young and easy under the apple boughs. 'Very strong chapel,' grey-eyed Morgwen mouths in slate-sharp pulpit tones. 'Kiss a boy on your first date and marriage is the only possible conclusion. Did you know Welsh Wales has the highest incidence of virginity in the whole of the British Isles?' Mockery stresses her Welsh lilt, turning her soft voice shy and seductive at the same time. Her eyes glisten under mock-demure lashes. 'I have a theory it's the Celtic nature,



lyrical and melancholic with dark undercurrents of passion. If they didn't pack themselves off to chapel or deny themselves booze on a Sunday there'd be mass fornication. It makes the women a nation of prick teasers.' She crosses her legs with a lithe easy movement that makes one aware of every one of her 36–23–36 inches. She catches our look. 'We're very good at it. If you can't just fancy someone and go off with them you learn how to seduce a man at a distance.' Morgwen survived her first kiss to attend an Oxfordshire teacher training college and went on for a year of mixed infants in the south of England. 'A traditional escape route for a brainy girl,' she grins. 'You know half the English educational system is run by the Welsh. If we all went home we'd have the most highly educated nation in Europe.' But the lure of registers, morning hymns and dusty classrooms palled. 'I love kids. I can be really generous with them. But I was the light of the local amateur operatic and dramatic

society – it was actually called SODS, believe it or not! So I thought, it's so much fun and rewarding, why not try to do it for a living. Now I'm waiting on a couple of drama school applications. It was another form of escape, do you see?' A sultry sleepiness steals over her eyes; fingers pull strands of long dark hair childishly into the corner of her mouth. And did that long distance seduction still come in useful? Murmurs bubble into a throaty laugh. 'I'm a bit of a tease anyway, I think. I don't mean in a nasty way. I don't like to see a man wriggle about in his pants just so that I can get a kick out of it. But the anticipation is half the fun of sex, surely? You don't have to stride about stark naked. You can be subtle about it, be interested. If a man likes you then he'll notice, don't you think?' Her long lashes prise at our coolness. Was physical contact as on-turning in the end as anticipation, we asked. 'When I was younger it was terrible. You think about it so much, pressures build up. The first time a man really touched me I thought my head would blow off.' She laughs, tossing her head back. 'He must have thought his luck was in. A real little raver. But I'm quieter now, more settled. You go through wild stages. Though there's still that passionate blood.' Her lilt becomes a provocative whisper. She smiles. 'You never forget wild Wales.'

Clap Clinic *continued from page 49*

other men had gone – but four more had come in. I began to realise that I could be there until midnight and still not get the place to myself. Affecting an air of nonchalance I certainly did not feel, I strolled over to the poster. As I scanned the list of addresses, I felt the smirking stares of my fellow public pee-ers.

The nearest clinic was open only during office hours. Dismissing the notion of telling my boss the truth to get time off and having, on various other occasions, employed every plausible lie together with a good few implausible ones, I continued down the list. At last I came to a clinic that stayed open until seven o'clock and was not too far away.

Back at the office, it seemed that five o'clock would never come. Eventually, however, it did and after a brief tube journey I emerged into the cold, damp darkness. The hospital which housed the clinic was only a short walk from the station. As I approached it, the butterflies in my stomach started to go berserk. For a moment I faltered, then, taking a firm grip on myself, I strode forward.

Entering what appeared to be the main door, I found myself in a large waiting-room, visitors for the use of. Problem number two now arose. A big signboard on the wall listed all the wards but nowhere did it mention the V.D. clinic.

An enquiry desk stood in the corner but it was staffed by a young, rather charming nurse to whom I did not feel inclined to disclose the reason for my visit. I re-examined the direction board . . . Casualty Department . . . well, it was a kind of a casualty, surely? The arrow led me to a counter at the far end of a passage. I expected the Indian doctor who manned it to talk like Peter Sellers. He did not. Nor could he tell me where the clinic was. He could only suggest that I try the Enquiries Desk.

Hoping the shift might have changed, I slowly retraced my steps but my hopes were in vain. She was still there. I slunk up to the desk like a naughty schoolboy going to collect six of the best.

'Can I help you?'

China blue eyes and coral lips flashed a smile which, in any other circumstances, would have given me a horn like a rhinoceros. Instead of rushing to that part of my anatomy, however, all my surplus corpuscles shot straight to my head, causing a blush that began at collar level and climbed rapidly to the roots of my hair.

'I-I-I've come for a V.D. inspection.'

Surprisingly the smile did not fade. 'That's in the other building over the road,' she replied in the same tone of voice she might have used if I had merely asked the time.

No wonder I had gone astray! Following her directions, I ended up in a dimly-lit side-street and finally identified the iron gate she had mentioned which led to an ancient flight of concrete steps. A notice on the door at the bottom instructed me to wait in the room designated for that purpose until summoned by the buzzer, a raucous instrument which made me jump out of my skin every time it went off.

The buzzer sounded once again. It was my turn. I crossed the passage and gingerly pushed open the door marked 'Clinic.' Stationed behind a desk immediately inside the door was a white-coated sergeant-majorish individual.

'Number?' he demanded, without looking up from the trays of cards which covered his desk.

I stared back blankly and the question was repeated.

'I don't have a number – I've never been here before.'

His eyebrows shot up and he gave me a piercing stare.

'Never?'

Stone me, I thought, surely I don't look that ruddy dissolute. However, I kept my thoughts to myself and simply answered in the negative whereupon he fired various questions at me, filling in a form as he went along. My interrogation completed, he handed me a card.

'Sit down over there, please, and bring this card with you each time you attend the clinic.'

I sat down at the end of one of those traditional rows of tubular hospital chairs. My eyes began to wander around, appraising my surroundings. Almost at once, I winced visibly. The high-ceilinged room was divided by partitions which separated the waiting area from what appeared to be three separate consulting rooms. The walls were of brick, covered only by paint, and the shade which someone with an obviously warped sense of humour had chosen was – yes – green! The whole place, from skirting-boards to ceiling, was decorated in that singularly, sickly, appropriate hue.

A notice on the wall added a further ironical touch, prohibiting smoking in no less than nine different languages. Clearly clap is international. Every few minutes a doctor appeared and called a number, upon which one of the patients got up and went in. Behind one of the partitions I heard a voice ask, 'Is this your second jab or your third?' I flinched at the mere thought of it. Meanwhile the supply of people from the waiting room seemed to have dried up and the sergeant-major had begun to march up and down, whistling 'When You're Smiling.' His gaiety was just beginning to get on my nerves when I

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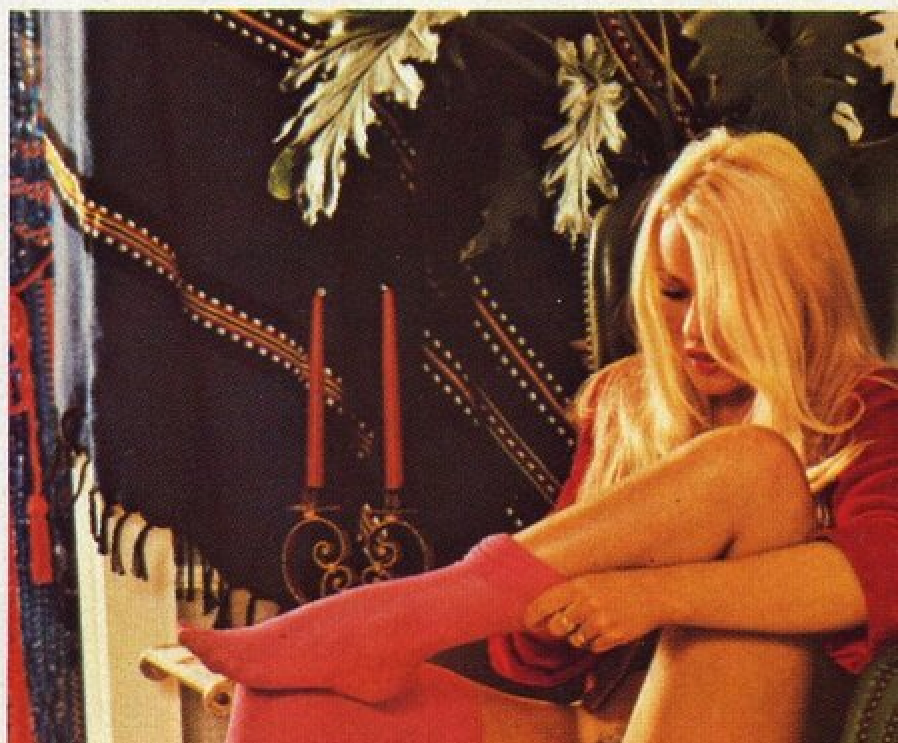
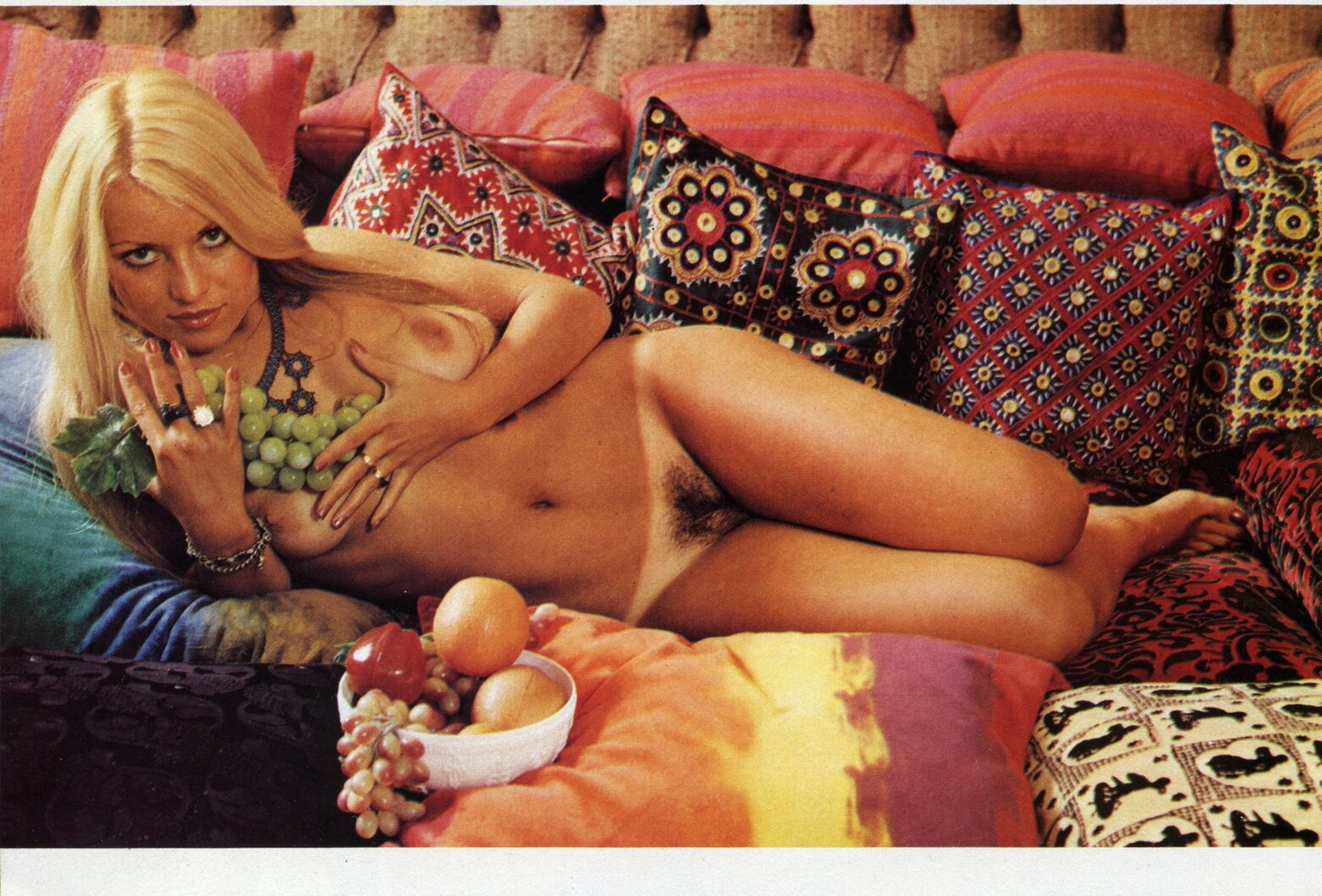
EVA

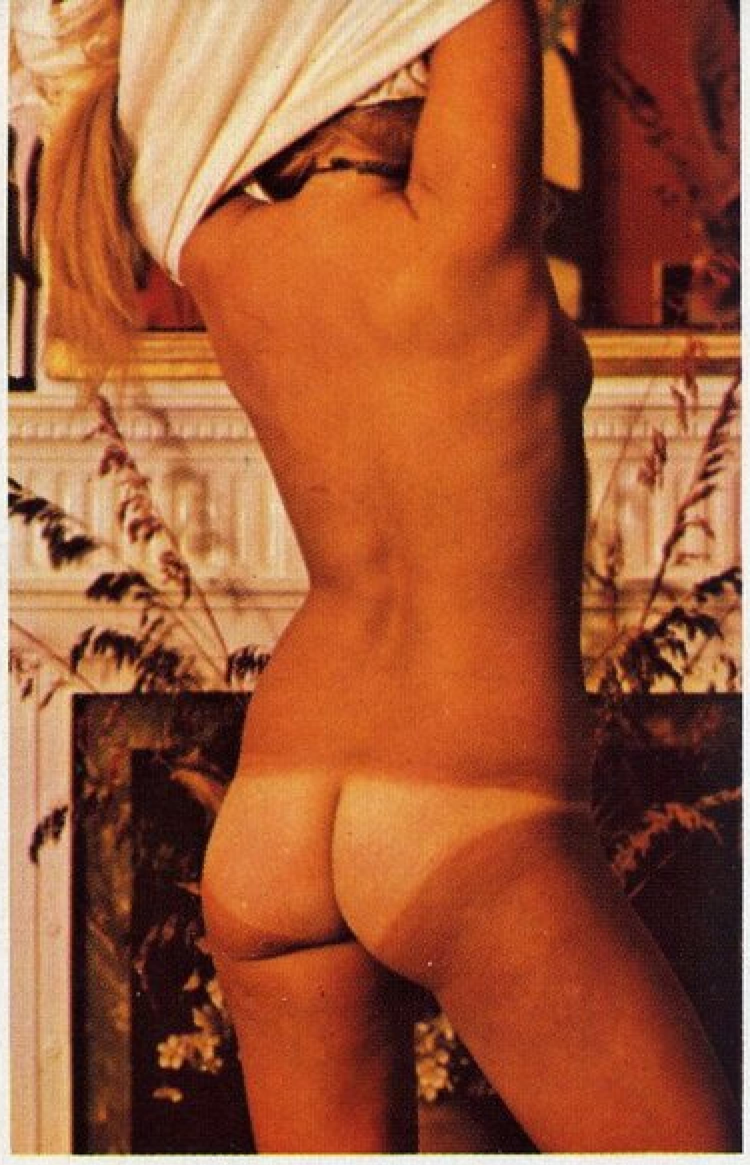
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

For some girls, the heady pace of city life encompassing clubs, restaurants and discos will prove an irresistible lure. Others though often shun the city for the simpler and more natural pleasures of country living. A very rare and fortunate few manage to combine the best of these two worlds and 21-year-old Eva Von Bork is lucky enough to be in this situation. Living as she does in Leyton on the eastern fringe of London, she is within a few minutes walk of the pastoral surrounds of Epping Forest, yet near enough to the action in central London to make frequent nights out a reasonable proposition. Eva lives alone with Eric the cat, an enormous number of records, a bulging wardrobe of clothes and



a jewel-box glittering with gold ornaments. 'I think,' says Eva, carefully measuring her words, 'that as I'm blonde, and especially when I'm tanned, gold looks very good on me. I only ever wear gold jewellery actually.' She laughs, 'I have expensive tastes!' Eva is currently training as an interpreter, a job that requires dedication, patience and an agile mind. Born in Dortmund, West Germany of an English father and a German mother, Eva has been in England for the past four years and speaks English without a trace of accent. 'I prefer living here. I like the English life-style and I like English men. Arty types wearing very tight trousers with a little bulge in the front. Yes, a little bulge, because it doesn't really matter to me whether a man is big or not. It depends on how he uses what he has. Sex for me has to be fun. I get very bored with just straight sex. I like playing little games with my lovers to turn us both on. When I was younger I used to be attracted to other girls, but I find that I prefer men now. I still like girls, but not in any sexual sense, It's just that I prefer the company, both in bed and out of bed, of





men. I must admit that even though I'm strictly a one man girl, I do tend to flirt and tease rather a lot, although not enough to have me labelled as a prick-tease. I just get a kick out of turning men on. I try to wear very sexy clothes like tight sweaters and see-through shirts. With my height, 5 feet 5 inches, and my figure, 34C–24–35, it seems quite easy to turn men on! When I'm in bed with a man, I'll dress to please him. White suspender belt and either black or glittery green stockings never seem to fail. Colourful things go down well too. It may sound a bit silly to you, but it's all fun really. Very hedonistic I suppose, but I just enjoy having a good time. If a man is truly a man and not effeminate in any way, he'll know how to handle me. I like to be dominated. Not whipped and tied up or things like that. Just kept in my place.' Who could deny then, that Eva's place is certainly in the home?

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / EVA VON BORK

CONNIE

Plaistow in East London is 19-year-old Connie Soper's stamping ground. *'Plarstow!'* she insists, shaking her blonde page boy cut loose after the depredations of a winter wind. 'Ask for Pla*is*tow around our way and they'll think you're barmy. This is a posh office, isn't it? Shall I take my clothes off now?' Curling her five feet three inches on an office chair, Connie fingers the buttons on her waist-length blue Teddy Bear coat and eyes us with disarming candour. Twiggy-like innocence vies with a sexual boldness that would make most men blanch. 'Load of rubbish!' Connie says. 'A bloke likes

to know what's going on, doesn't he? I'd never lead a fellow on I didn't like. That's not fair, is it?' Her pixie eyes grin at us for approval. Connie is a temp, riding London's Metropolitan and Circle Lines to anonymous City typing pools. 'I do audio now, copy typing, but I used to do private secretarial because the money is better. But you get stuck on your own, or with just one fellow. And they always try something.' Something? we asked. Connie looks half coy, half coquettish. 'I worked late for this really nice fellow once. He was quite old, but nice looking and ever so polite. One night he wanted me to take all my clothes off, when we were alone.' And you did? 'Silly old duffer, I thought he was going to leap on me. I just stood there, feeling a right prune. He only wanted to talk and have a good look, I suppose. All those little dollies driving him mad. I felt quite sorry for him.' Connie shrugs off that Teddy Bear coat and plucks at dress buttons masking her 38–22–36 inches. 'Are we ready?' she asks. For you, Connie, any time, we smile.

shavers only
Macleans

MODEL MADE BY ROGER SOUTHALL AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONNELLY BURNS DAVIS

ON WITH THE PERFORMANCE, JACK

Jack was a top class comedian on the northern circuit: a master of risque patter and discreet sex in the dressing room / Fiction by John Graven Hughes

The early part of the floor show didn't begin until around ten but by nine 'Sorrels' – that popular northern night spot – was packed. Jack Rich walked casually across from the bar and stepped onstage, smiling at the people crowded at the tables. The woman he had been drinking with – a local taxi-driver's wife – took her place at the table directly below the microphone, pulling the chair away so that her legs, in lustrous black tights, were held in the glare from two powerful spotlights. Jack looked down at her and smiled again. This time it was more than a smile: it was a curious expression of shared intimacy and full-blooded sexuality as though he hoped to succeed in bringing her to an orgasm merely by looking at her. John Patrick Richardson was 47 and while his hair might be thinning a little and his tall figure bulging slightly at the waistline, he wore his clothes with elegance and he had style. He was once described by an eager Sunday magazine writer 'as a cross

turn to page 78

Original poem
by Philodemus
(A native of Gadara,
he lived in the first
century BC and taught Virgil
and Horace. His 29 surviving
epigrams are among the most
original of his period.)

Shine Moon, horny voyeur of the night,
who loves peering on all the nights have to offer,
cast a bright glance through our windows
and clothe the naked Delia with your light.
We mortals are not averse to the stimulus
of such an onlooker during our transports.
You encourage our joys I know, dear old Moon,
you've got a timelessly, tirelessly amorous reputation.

ETERNAL ORACLES

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb: No. 9

Selected titles from THE MAYFAIR BOOK SOCIETY

The book that really *shows* you . . .

SEXUAL TECHNIQUES

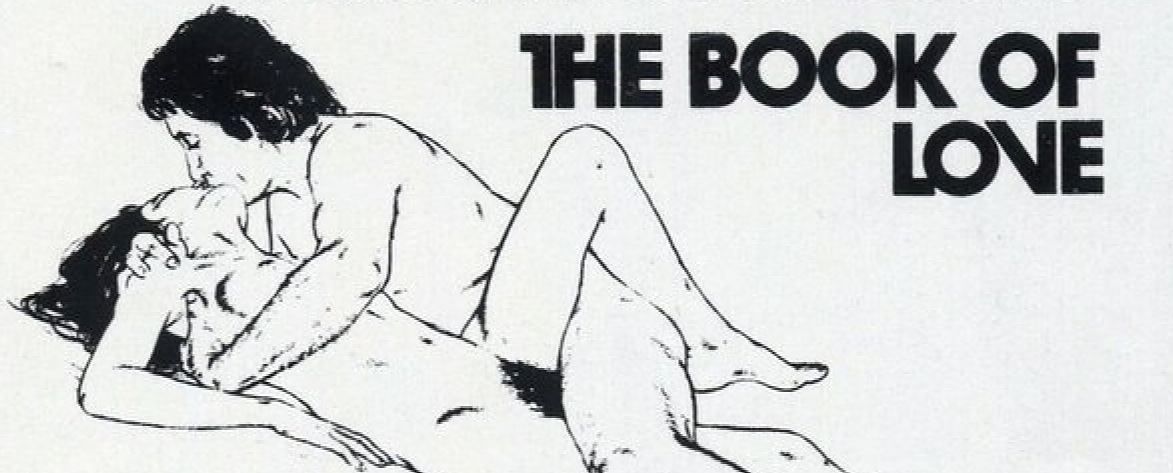
This book smashes through the lingering barriers of sexual ignorance and superstition like no other book before it. In detailed full page photographs a young man and a beautiful girl demonstrate 42 separate lovemaking positions. In the text, Mogens Toft discusses ways of positioning and moving the body to regulate orgasmic pleasure. The pictures show how the girl manipulates her own or her partner's erotogenic zones simultaneously with intercourse to induce heightened sensations. They show how parts of the body can be fondled and caressed during intercourse and how thrusting movements of the legs, thighs and the body can increase satisfaction; how the woman can caress the man when he takes her from behind and how she can use her thighs to squeeze and stimulate his organs. Here are displayed a whole range of positions for lovemaking together with detailed descriptions and diagrams showing how the different positions affect the contact of the organs of man and woman. The reader can study them in depth and emulate them in his or her search for complete sexual fulfilment.

By their total frankness, the pictures in this book will shock many. We do not wish to offend Book Club members and we warn purchasers of its revealing nature.

Price £2.75

An explicitly illustrated text-book on sex

THE BOOK OF LOVE



Dr David Delvin's explicit and arousing work shows, with the aid of numerous frank illustrations, men and women in their most private moments. Average penile length is also subjected to exhaustive enquiry, enabling men to measure up to Dr Delvin's thought-provoking findings.

Price £3.80

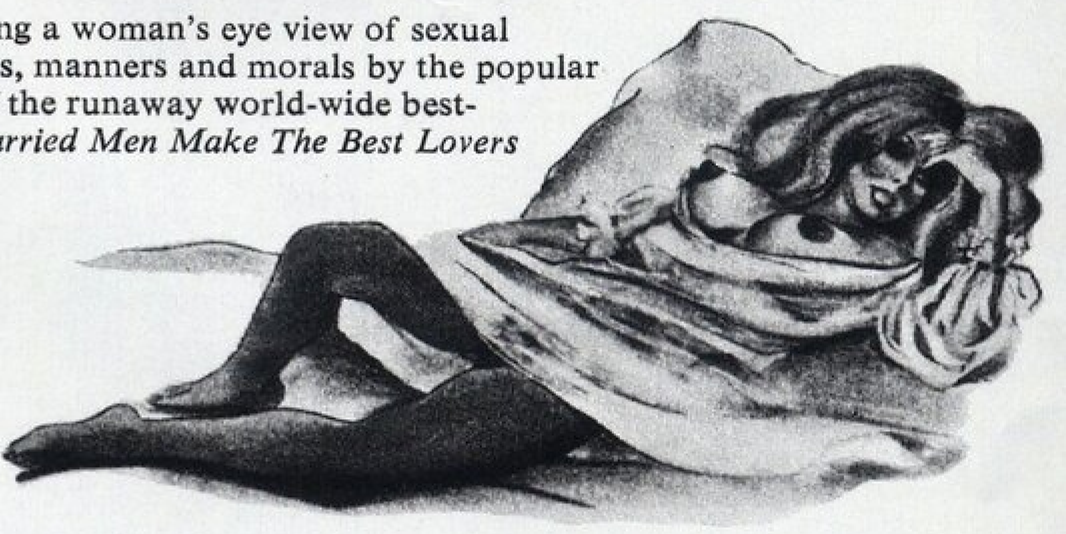
The Joy of Sex

This imaginative and graphic book contains numerous candid colour and black-and-white illustrations showing in vivid detail not only more normal sexual practices, but also those which may be thought unorthodox. This is certainly not a book for those who are easily offended, but for those who enjoy the usual and the unusual in sex, and who wish to increase their knowledge and enjoyment.

Price £6.85

Now that you've got me here what are we going to do?

Introducing a woman's eye view of sexual techniques, manners and morals by the popular author of the runaway world-wide best-seller, *Married Men Make The Best Lovers*



At long last, a sexually adept woman has written down the intimate and exact details of what turns a woman on – insights that even the most carnal of modern Casanovas might otherwise take years to discover. Here you can learn for yourself the techniques and secrets that can drive women into a frenzy of passion and desire. Even confident men will find something new in this book, while the less experienced will find it a boon.

Price £2.75

This book contains no illustrations

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX *but were afraid to ask*

No question is too intimate for an honestly detailed answer in this frankest of sex books: Is the rear entry position natural? Do many men suffer from premature ejaculation? What do homosexuals do together? What can a man do with two girls at the same time? Which aphrodisiacs work? This book gives you, plain, perhaps shocking, truth.

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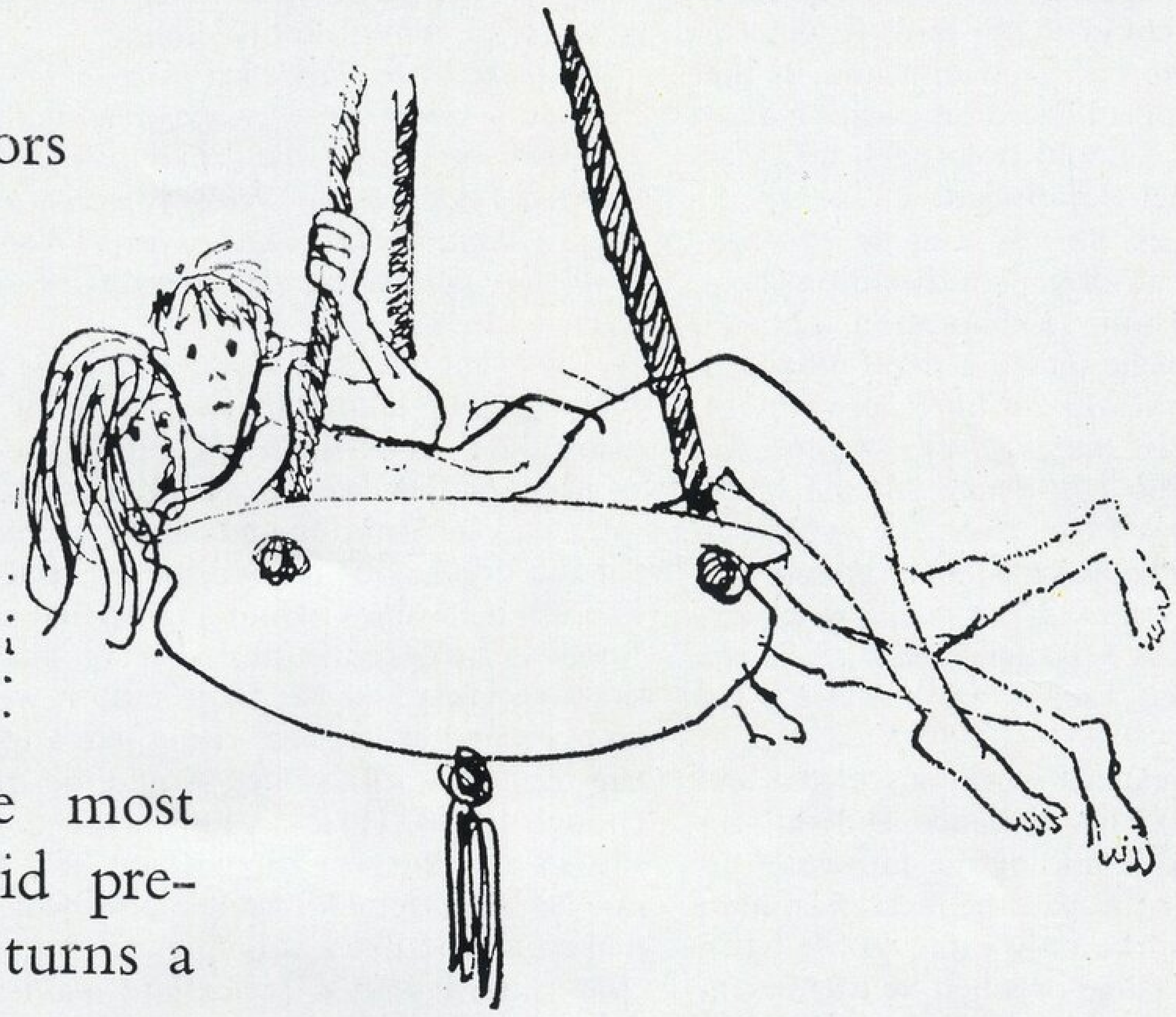
Introducing a new sex technique book by the authors of an ABZ of Love

LIVING IS LOVING



Are younger women the most sensual? How do you avoid premature ejaculation? What turns a *frigid* woman wild?

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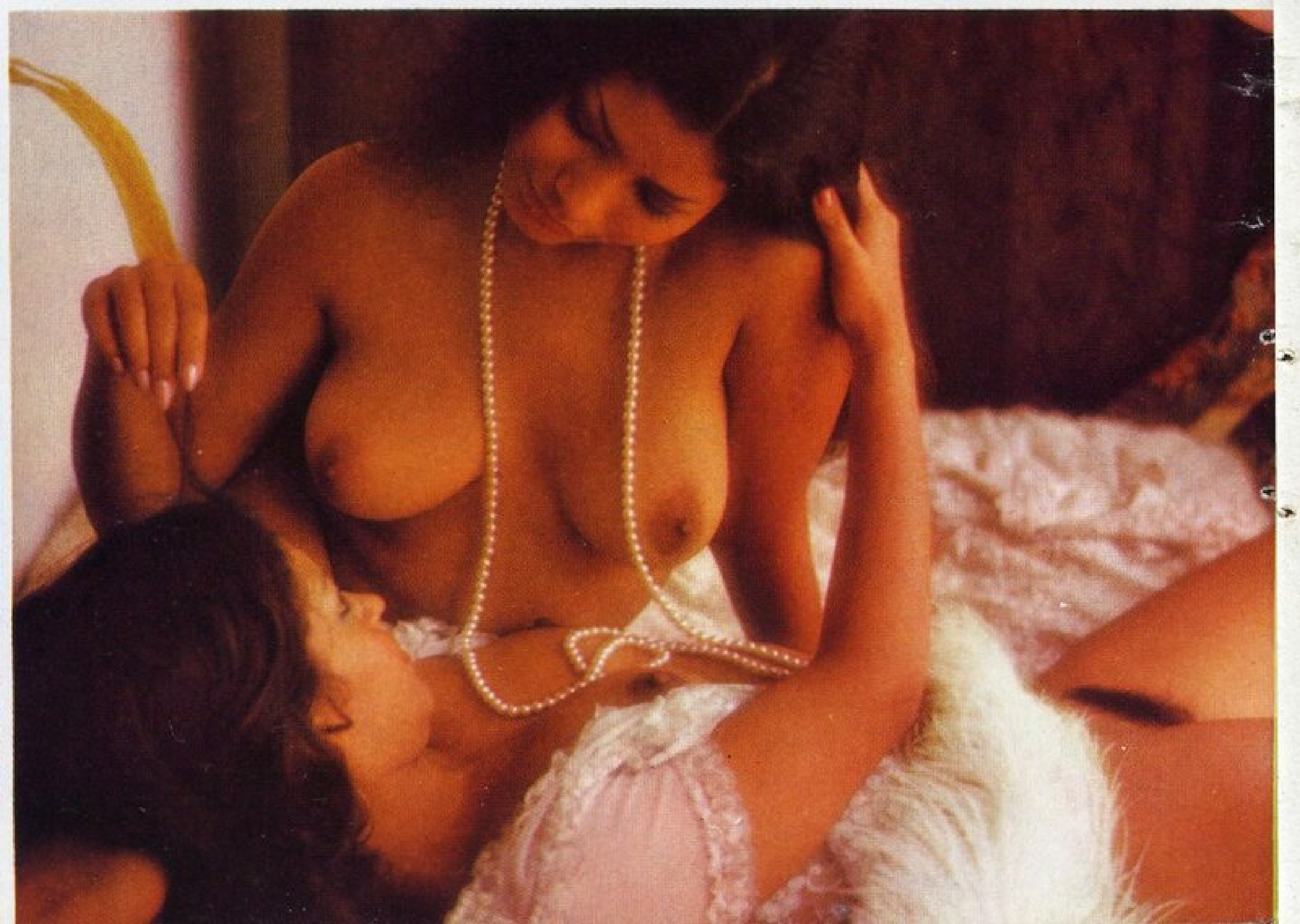
M103

Sisters

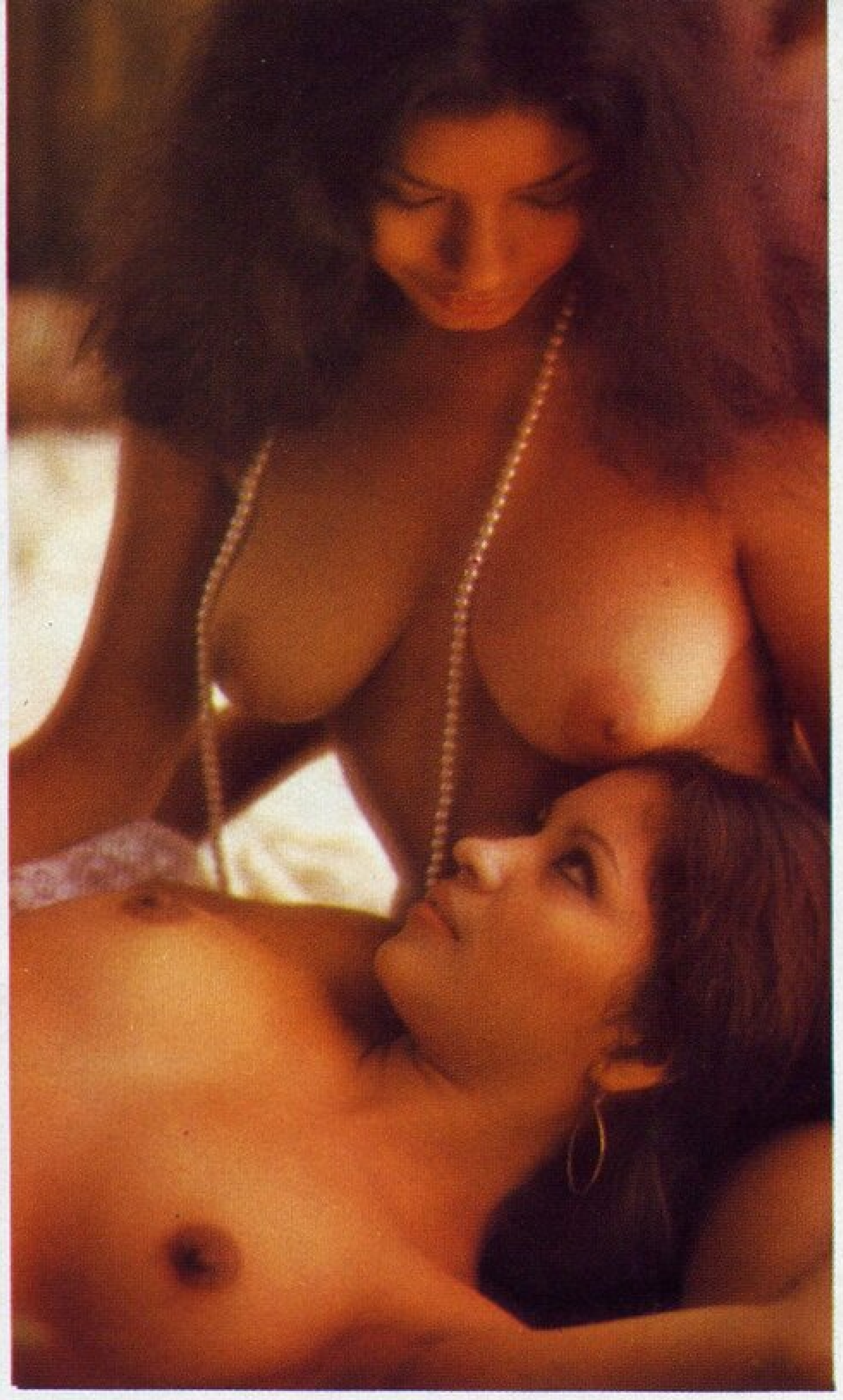
Sandra and Maria

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

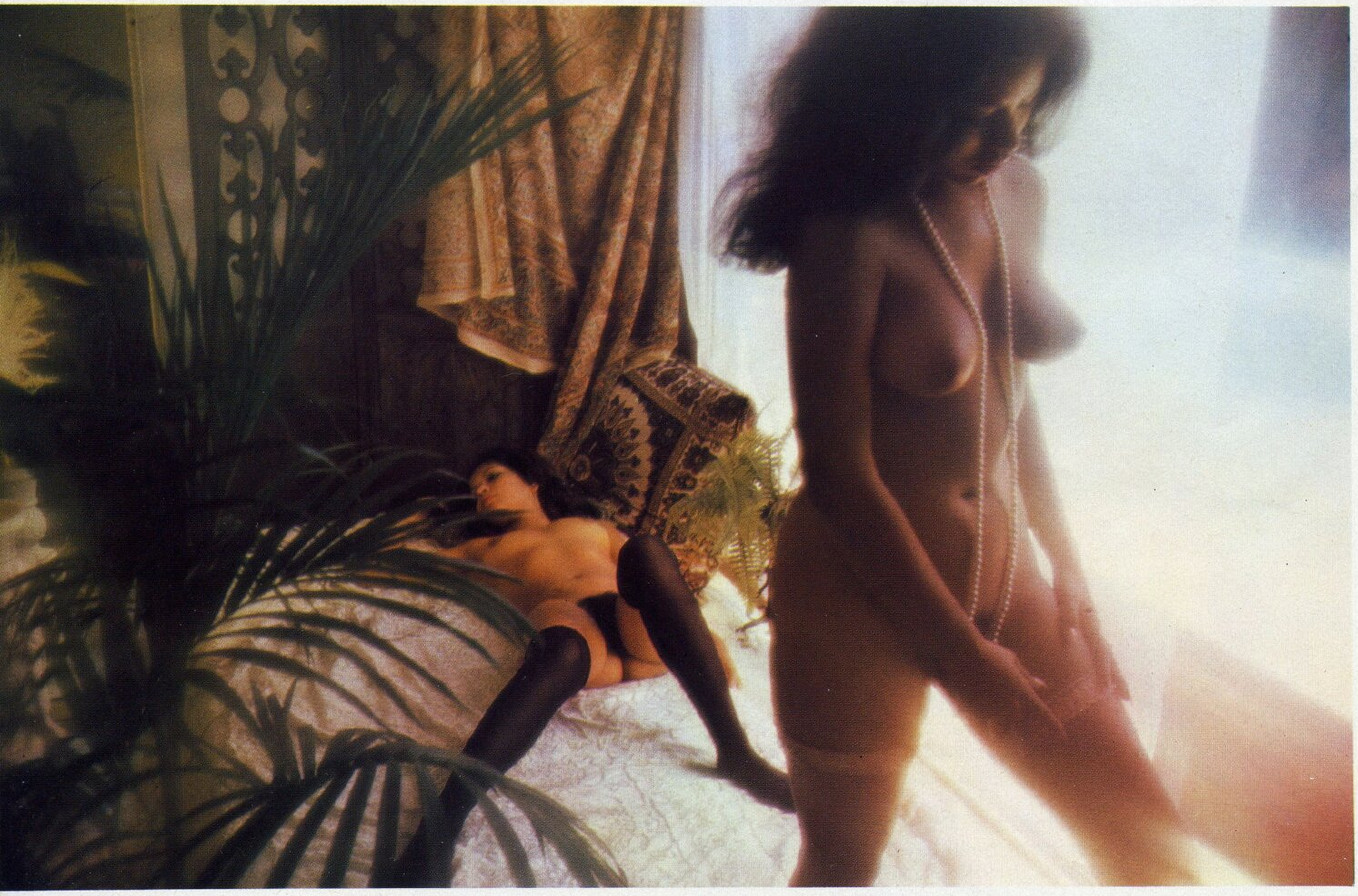
'Ever since we've been children we've slept in a huge bed, all together. We went to the same schools and now we're both at the National University, sharing an apartment. Why shouldn't we sleep in the same bed now? I can't imagine being without Maria and she couldn't think of being without me.'

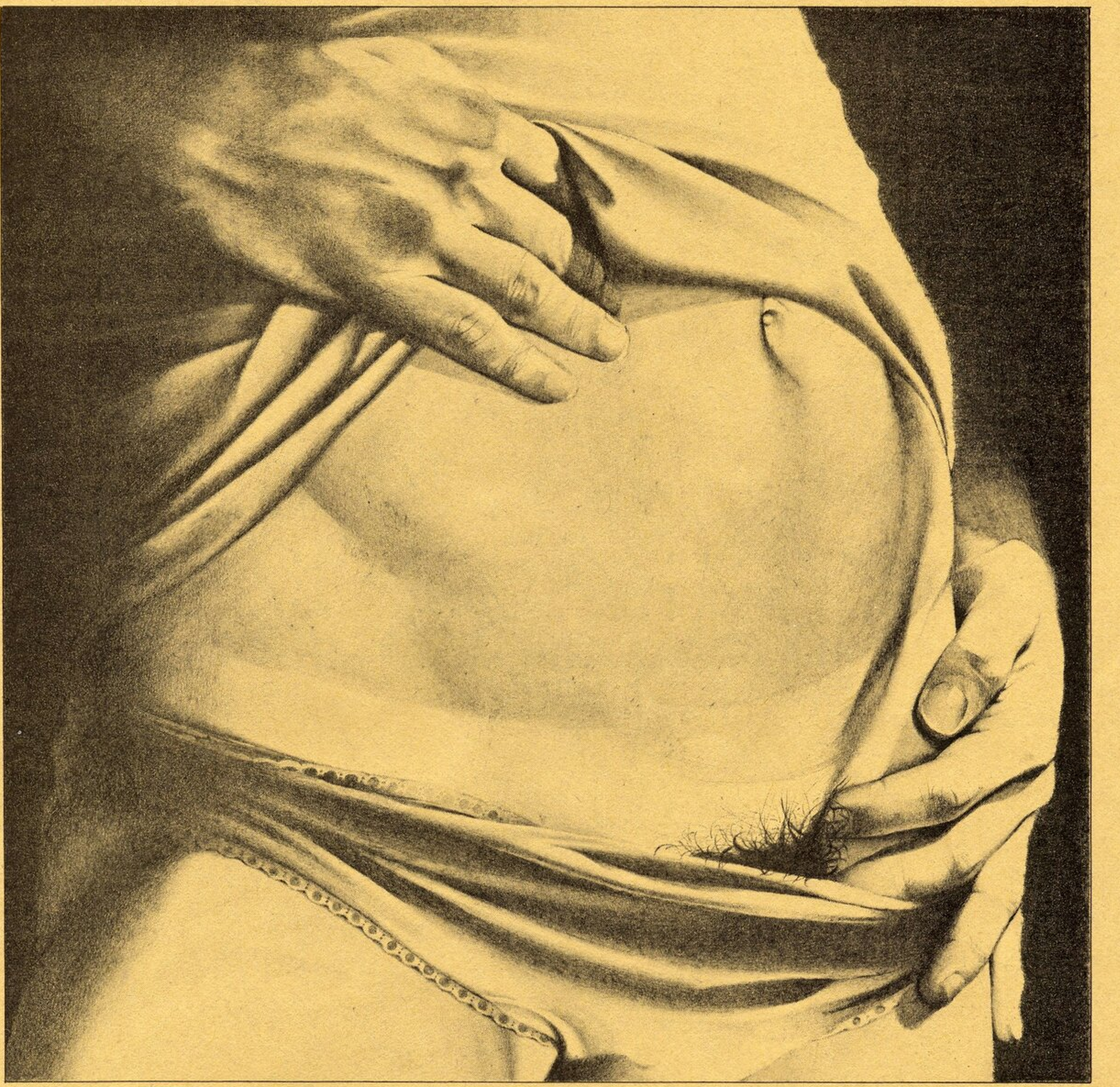


Trotting arm in arm, mini-skirted and giggling, long hair flowing loose, sisters Sandra and Maria Valdez were first tackled by our photographer on the sun-bright Avenida Insurgentes, a stone's throw from Mexico's University City. 'At first,' spokeswoman Sandra told us, 'I thought it was just a compliment. A man will say as you pass *linda senorita* or *bonita rosita*, pretty little rose, which makes you feel good but means nothing. I've never had a man insist I take my clothes off – just to take pictures.' Dark-haired Sandra's eyes flash with secret humour. 'If Maria had not agreed to be with me probably I wouldn't have agreed. She's a surprise to me. Such a quiet girl normally.' Maria, almond-eyed and brunette, laughs exquisitely. 'Luckily Sandra and I have the same measurements,' she says, lowering perfect lashes, '92–58–92 (36–23–36) so we cannot be jealous of each other. But we never have been, even as children. It's not often sisters are friends as well. Besides we like different kinds of men!' Bright-eyed laughter echoes between them.



Maria goes on: 'Mexico is an odd mixture. I feel free to sleep with my boyfriend, but when I marry I am expected to be a virgin.' 'Mexican girls should be more proud of themselves and their bodies,' Sandra adds and links arms. 'We will show the way!' And they collapse into helpless laughter.





QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Seven

A recurring factor in Quest interviews has been the unabashed enjoyment of large numbers of women in a genuinely sexy phone call, either with a lover or with a complete stranger. The unique combination of verbal intimacy yet physical distance allows a freedom of expression and subject that would otherwise be socially and sexually unacceptable. This month Quest focuses on this fascinating aspect of verbal sexual expression. We found that with a few rare exceptions the traditional obscene call distressed rather than aroused women, but that a degree of subtlety – however slight – could transform the female reaction and yield a dividend of sexual interest and excitement that seemed out of all proportion to the effort applied.

INTRODUCTION

The sexy telephone call occupies a special place in any truly comprehensive survey of modern sexual behaviour. With minimum privacy the instrument can recreate all the intimacy of an actual encounter, but without the commitments or perils of physical proximity. It holds many possibilities for women, in particular, to indulge in a degree of flirtatiousness and frankness that they might otherwise find very difficult. During the course of many Quest interviews women of all ages and types have often referred to their enjoyment of a 'really sexy' telephone conversation. There was, however, almost universal feminine distaste for the traditional obscene caller – the heavy breathing stranger who mouths four letter words into the unsuspecting female's ear. Most women regarded this as a very distinct 'turn off'. But there were exceptions. The interviews selected for this month's Quest are with women of this less common kind. All three of them agreed that the obscene calls they received were shocking. The second, in fact, reacted at first in the most common way, by being turned off. It was only later that she discovered she could adapt the techniques of the obscene call to mutual stimulation with the lover from whom she was temporarily parted. The others reacted more directly. The very crudity of the stranger's language acted as a form of verbal rape, which aroused the 'victim' either to self stimulation or to actual sexual activity.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Secretary, 27 years old, dark haired, town of origin Evesham.**

A quiet and serious girl, this interviewee gave off an air of hardworking competence borne out by a background of working for several managing directors. She had been engaged once for nearly five years but now lived alone in a small central London flat.

Quest: Do you get many obscene phone calls?

Secretary: I had a spate of them just after I'd moved in. I'm sure it was one of the workmen who fitted out the place. It was an unfurnished flat, you see.

Quest: What effect did they have on you?

Secretary: They frightened me half out of my wits. I hadn't lived on my own for almost three years. I was quite nervous anyway. But it wasn't as traumatic as the first time.

Quest: First time?

Secretary: When I was about fifteen or sixteen, I don't remember the exact date, only what happened. That was extraordinary.

Quest: In what way?

Secretary: Oh, nothing particularly lurid. I was on my own at home – my parents were out shopping, I think. The phone rang. There was this horrible-sounding voice, all muffled, spouting obscene things. I've a fairly shrewd idea who it might have been.

Quest: Who?

Secretary: Oh, some boy I wouldn't go out with. It's the kind of thing he would have done. All very silly.

Quest: What did he say?

Secretary: That was the extraordinary thing. It was disgusting, but it wasn't sick making. But it shook me absolutely rigid. I felt utterly violated. I'm sure rape – for a girl that age – can't be any worse. Just to pick up a phone in a perfectly ordinary way and have a voice speaking straightaway about things you hardly dared think about.

Quest: Can you remember any exact words or phrases?

(Here we have omitted the coaxing which the interviewee required to repeat the words fully.)

Secretary: Oh – I've got a great big one. I'd like to fuck you with it. I want to touch your tits. Let me see you in the nude – schoolboy things. There were a couple of things I don't think I was even sure what they meant.

Quest: And it turned you on?

Secretary: I realise now that it did. I remember shivering like a leaf. Cold fingers down my spine. I got quite damp and aching under my skirt. I couldn't say anything. When he'd rung off I just stood there with the phone in my hand. Then I rushed off to the loo.

Quest: Why did you do that?

Secretary: Isn't it obvious?

Quest: Not necessarily.

Secretary: I was terribly excited – I think I was practically weeping. I had to get some relief. So I went to the loo.

Quest: And touched yourself up?

Secretary: To put it crudely, yes. I pulled up my skirt, I pushed down my knickers and I rubbed myself – my clitoris, I mean. I used to do that a lot then.

Quest: I'm just trying to establish if or not you had an orgasm.

Secretary: I had a very powerful orgasm. In fact I fainted away for a few moments. I remember my parents banging on the door thinking I was ill. It was terribly embarrassing. I had to pretend I was bilious or something.

Quest: Were you a virgin then?

Secretary: Of course. That was why the phone call stuck in my mind. I'd never had a proper orgasm before. I couldn't forget it for weeks afterwards.

Quest: You said you masturbated a lot.

Secretary: Only in retrospect. I mean when I think back I must have done it quite often. As often as I wanted relief.

Quest: Did you ever think of the phone call while you were doing it?

Secretary: I thought it was exciting to be able to hear that, while you were doing it. But I knew that was silly. It had only happened once, and anyway I might not have felt the same next time.

Quest: You never thought of your first orgasm with a man?

Secretary: That's a loaded question. I've had affairs, obviously, but you could count them all on one hand. I don't think that's anything to be ashamed of – I was only really in love once, before Gordon. If you can count Gordon.

Quest: Your fiancé of five years.

Secretary: Five endless years, yes. The man I lost my virginity to was my boss – I seem to have a thing about bosses. He just took me for a ride, literally. He used to tell me about his wife and how unfeeling she was. I was terribly flattered – I was barely twenty. One birthday he took me out to dinner and it all took off from there. We only did it once in the back of an old estate car he had. He didn't exactly have much finesse. He just blundered his way into me and exploded and that was that.

Quest: But did you climax?

Secretary: I think so. I was totally tied up with him then. I thought he was marvellous. Everything was going to work out marvellously. But I think in the end he'd only done it for a bet. He started being rude to me in the office and I got the feeling he was talking about me behind my back. So I gave in my notice.

Quest: And met Gordon?

Secretary: He used to work in the same office. I don't think he ever knew about my boss – if he did he never said. He was terribly quiet and shy, a bit too intellectual for me, really. But he was utterly different from my boss. Swing of the pendulum, I suppose. And he had a lovely voice. I think that's very important. Not socially, I mean, but just to listen to. It's half the battle.

Quest: How soon did you become lovers?

Secretary: It was nearly six months before he took my hand. Sounds ludicrous today, doesn't it? I don't know what he was afraid of. We used to talk a lot, go to the theatre, concerts. I used to ring him more than he'd ring me. I had this new job which was a good step up and whenever I had a free evening, which wasn't all that often, I'd call him. I don't think it's unfair to say convenience had a lot to do with it.

Quest: But you still made love with him?

Secretary: He asked me on holiday with him, and I could do with a break so I went. A place up north, nothing very exotic. He liked walking, you see. On the second night – we had separate rooms – I'd just put the light out when he walked in, and got into bed. Simple as that. As if it had all been arranged and discussed, except that it hadn't. And afterwards he just kissed me goodnight and crept away again. I felt like some kind of dispensing machine. It was horrible. You know it was nearly two years before he even spent a complete night with me – sleeping, I mean.

Quest: Didn't you ever tell him what you really wanted?

Secretary: Lots of times. But he'd always get very uptight and pompous – I suppose he was hurt.

Quest: Why did you leave him?

Secretary: About two years ago I was a bit bored with work – I'm sure it was just getting to and from which was wearing me out – and I started getting broody. I thought: here I am, twenty-five, half my friends married with children; if I'm not careful I'm going to be forty, sitting in my little room. The usual things. In fact I was sharing a house with three old schoolfriends and it was a very good arrangement. We all got on very well. But I had this mad idea that if I got a place of my own I might persuade Gordon to stay a bit longer than a night or a weekend and we might go on from there.

Quest: Did you?

Secretary: The night after I moved we had a terrible row, a really violent one. It was only because he was going away for the weekend – hiking, I think, on his own. But that was the real end of it. I never slept with him again.

Quest: Then you started getting the calls?

Secretary: Yes.

Quest: Was it always the same man?

Secretary: They always went the same way.

Quest: How was that?

Secretary: First of all you'd pick up the phone and answer it, obviously. And there'd be no reply. You'd say again and then hear this breathing.

Quest: What was that like?

Secretary: Very slow and heavy, exerting not out of breath. Then he'd speak. The voice always sounded rough – I don't mean common – distorted in some way.

Quest: Did he always say the same things?

Secretary: Not exactly, no. There was a pattern, though. He'd always start off talking about me. Do you want to hear?

Quest: Please.

Secretary: He'd say, I've been thinking about you. I've been thinking about your soft feminine body, about your breasts – your breasts are so heavy and warm – I'd love to touch them, I'd love to lick them. I'd like to bite your nipples till they stand up. Shall I go on? Your hair is so long and soft. I want to run my fingers through it. The hair on your head and the tight curly hair – between your legs. Is this embarrassing you?

Quest: Not at all.

Secretary: He'd say, is it warm and inviting down there – between your legs. I think of you lying on your bed – your breasts and your thighs all bare, waiting for me. And your knees are bent and your legs are stretched wide apart. And I'm coming towards you and I'm unzipping my trousers. Can you hear the zip? And he'd make some ripping sound – presumably a real zip. Then he'd say, I'm naked now – a bit of a jump in continuity that – you can see all of me. Do you want to know how big I am? I'm sticking up to my waist and I'm as fat as your wrist. He always said that. It's the biggest you've ever seen. You're wondering how you'll ever take it. But it's aimed right at you and it's over you. And it's pressing at your thighs, and in you – up and up – so big you think you'll scream. And you scream and scream in ecstasy and your brain explodes – Do you have a drink of water?

Other times he would talk about doing it in different ways, like from the back or with me on top or putting his penis in my mouth. He was very inventive.

Quest: Did it turn you on as much as the first time?

Secretary: I was shocked, but mostly out of fear at first, especially at weekends when I wasn't going out. I thought it was a maniac who was spying on me – the detail seemed so incredible. Then I suppose I listened to what he actually said and I realised it wasn't me at all. I mean, I do have long hair and quite a large bust but sometimes he talked about my long legs and I'm fairly dumpy. And he never mentioned the colour of my hair or eyes or what I was wearing. So I realised it was just a fantasy thing on his side – he probably only picked me because I was single and alone. And he wasn't sick or perverted. He never used bad language.

Quest: So it did arouse you eventually?

Secretary: Oh yes. I almost looked forward to it. He phoned about twice a week, sometimes at a weekend as well.

Quest: Did you masturbate?

Secretary: Yes I did. I didn't have Gordon then.

Quest: How? Afterwards?

Secretary: Usually. Once when he was talking.

Quest: How did that happen?

Secretary: I think I was in the bath when he rang. I'd been reading this rather sexy book – the Updike thing. And I suddenly realised that he was masturbating as he made the call – it never occurred to me before, I don't know why. I found it incredibly exciting. I was only wearing a big towel so I just shrugged it off and reached down and touched myself and it all happened.

Quest: But the calls led to actual sex finally?

Secretary: With Charles, yes. That was how it all ended.

Quest: Tell me about Charles.

Secretary: Old old story. Charles was my boss. Divorced this time. Late thirties, a bit shy and inhibited – like me, I suppose. We had a strictly business relationship for about six months. Then he started asking me to odd, semi-business things, day conferences, cocktails – I didn't really see it as more than an extension of office hours.

Quest: You didn't find him attractive?

Secretary: I got along with him or I wouldn't have been able to do my job. I didn't want to go to bed with him. Believe it or not I don't think anything sours up a business relationship more than that.

Quest: But you did make love with him?

Secretary: We had a sort of big Christmas shindig – this was about a month after my calls started. It was really for clients but some of the junior staff were invited. I think they just wanted some female company. So I went with Charles. And he was much jollier than usual. More personal, I mean. I was a bit annoyed at first. I thought he was just trying to show off with the other men.

Quest: Was he?

Secretary: Slightly, perhaps. It was probably the drink. I know I was a bit skew-whiff. We went back to one of the client's offices to have more drinks, then about six of us had a meal and suddenly there was just Charles and me. So we went home.

Quest: You asked him?

Secretary: He offered to drive me home. It wasn't a great seduction scene. We were chatting normally enough, joking a bit. He didn't make a grab for me.

Quest: What happened at home?

Secretary: Well I think the drive and the rush hour traffic sobered us up a bit. It might have been the other people making it easier for us to talk, but it all got terribly quiet. I began to think, how am I going to get out of this? I decided I'd just say thanks and rush in from the car. But when we arrived I had to say something so I mumbled something about a bath and asked him in for a quick coffee. It all got very formal. While I made coffee we had one of those horribly normal conversations when people can't think of anything else to say. You know what I mean? Where are you going for Christmas – what a nice flat – do you like your job? I hate those situations. I brought in the coffee and then the phone rang.

Quest: Your sexy caller?

Secretary: I knew as soon as I didn't get a direct answer. I felt absolutely sick. I must have been scarlet. Charles was sitting right next to me on the sofa – the phone just lies on the coffee table. And he started straight off.

Quest: Saying what?

Secretary: Oh, you're naked. I'm standing behind you, you can feel my body behind you, my hands cup your bare breasts, you can feel my stiff length along the crack of your bottom, you bend over – yet another variation.

Quest: You didn't think of just cutting him off?

Secretary: That's the extraordinary thing. With a friend I would have done. But I was flustered with Charles – half the time wondering how I was going to get rid of him – it seemed like the final blow. And of course he heard.

Quest: What did he hear?

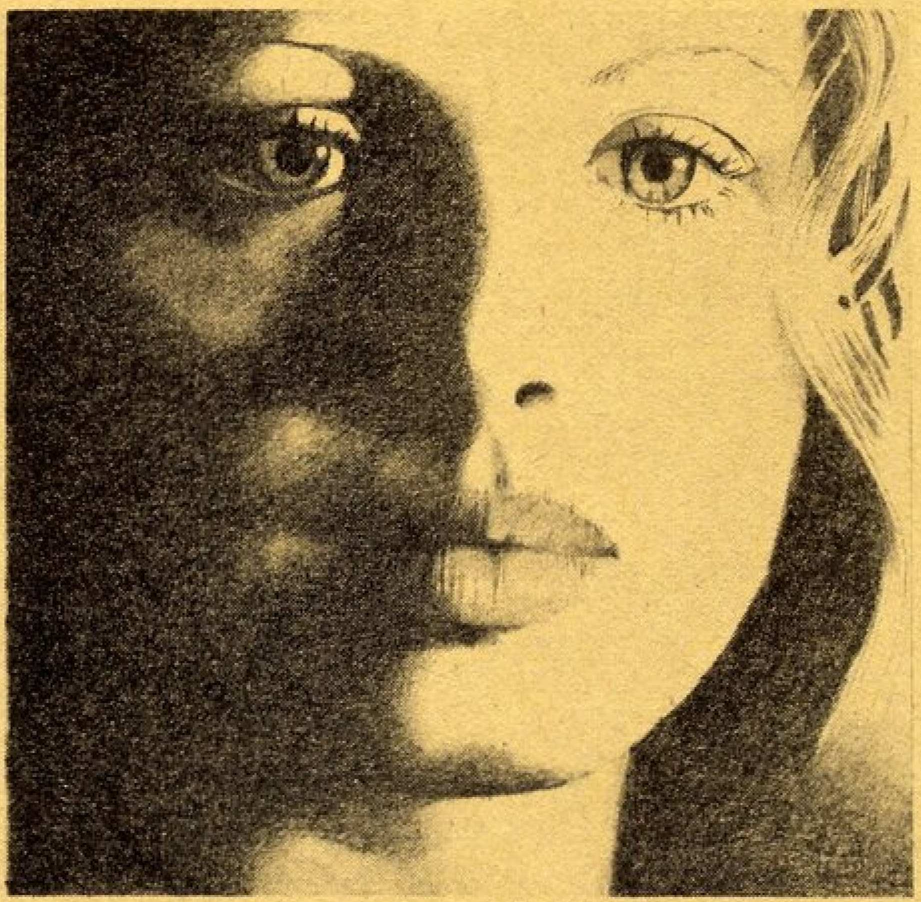
Secretary: Something like, get ready for a slow, hard fuck. You hear a word like that, even if it's fuzzed. Charles looked up, all surprised and said: 'What on earth is going on?' I really thought I'd die. I covered the mouthpiece and whispered it was another awful call I was getting. I thought he'd snatch the phone out of my hand.

Quest: What did he do?

Secretary: He just looked quizzical and got up and stood behind me, listening into the call. I remember thinking: I didn't know you had such a dirty mind.

Quest: And the call went on?

Secretary: Oh he was in full flow. He was pushing my legs apart, one hand squeezing my nipples while the other tickled my fanny. I could feel his great penis thwacking between my soft, warm legs. He was gasping



away like a steam engine. And then this incredible thing happened. I had the most exquisite sensation on the back of my neck. I was convinced I had been stabbed. I'd never felt anything like it before. Do you know what it was? Charles had licked me. He'd lifted up my hair and licked the nape of my neck.

Quest: And you liked that?

Secretary: It made me absolutely delirious. To this day I don't know why he chose to do that, but it felt unbelievable, as if all my emotions had been turned on and churned up all at the same time. Honestly, it's the oldest excuse in the book, but I didn't know what was happening. Suddenly, his breath was scalding along my neck and Charles' hand was clutching my breast – not just holding it but rubbing the nipple with his thumb. He was a bastard. I've never been such utter putty in a man's hands before. Then I had this awful realization. What my heavy breather on the phone was describing – that was what Charles was doing. As he went on about pinching my nipples Charles was squeezing me through my blouse. I nearly went mad with excitement. It was so bloody outrageous, almost like rape. Because I knew what was coming. I think I tried to say something – make some protest – but I just didn't have the breath. Suddenly I was sprawling across the back of the sofa with the phone in one hand and Charles pawing at my knickers behind me. He was leaning against me so that I couldn't have moved if I tried, grunting as loud as the voice on the phone – it was such an exciting sound. Then my knickers were round my ankles – you know it's an appalling thing for a man to pull down your knickers when you can't even see him – and he was jerking up my skirt, leaving my bottom bare and the man on the phone was gasping like an old grampus – are you braced for me? – are you ready, I'm going to fuck you now, I'm coming, I'm coming – I went wild. I just had to make love, I would have gone mad otherwise. I gave a little whimper, I think, and stuck out my bottom for him, arching my back so it really made my cheeks look round because I haven't got a big bottom. And his thing came bursting between my legs. I remember crying out and grasping it and pressing it hard against my fanny. The phone bounced onto the carpet. And Charles was sawing backwards and forwards. It was so utterly incredible, utterly marvellous. I wanted to cry. Then his hands caught hold of my hips so that I leaned forward more and his legs bent and he came into me with such a great rush. I really thought he was in my brain. I remember trying to bump down on him with my bottom but I was gone, almost completely gone. My climax seemed to go on and on – like a live wire you can't put down – and I remember feeling him come inside me as I spread-eagled on the sofa, my head in the material and my bottom up in the air somewhere. I must have looked very elegant.

Quest: And you never heard from your caller again?

Secretary: Never. I think he must have got the message.

Quest: Thank you.

Two **Sales representative, 21 years old, blonde, town of origin Basingstoke**

This interviewee, an attractive and self-possessed girl, had been educated privately and attended a brief modelling and finishing course. After leaving school she had worked in several art galleries then taken up a job promoting and selling cosmetics.

Quest: You like talking to men on the phone?

Rep: I'm a terror with men on the telephone, an absolute horror. Once I get started I'll say the most terrible things.

Quest: Things like what?

Rep: You want me to tell you about Stephen, don't you? Do you want all the fruity bits now?

Quest: I'd like to know why a telephone makes any difference.

Rep: An enquiring mind. You want to know all about my evil mind. All right, I'll be serious. It's because you can be more free on the phone. More open, more disgusting, if you like. Not that I'm inhibited normally, God forbid.

Quest: You know there's always a let out – that the man can't leap on you?

Rep: You make me sound like a nasty prick teaser. I'd hate to be like that. No, it's just that voices are very sexy things. Especially a really rich, ripe man's voice. Burton makes my toes just curl in ecstasy.

Quest: You like aural sex?

Rep: Aural with an 'a'. It's gorgeous. Having a sexy conversation with a really ripe sounding man is almost as good as the genuine article. It's like being licked all over. Makes me tingle.

Quest: Have you ever had an obscene phone call?

Rep: Only from friends. No, I tell a lie. I had one in London once, when I used to share a flat.

Quest: What happened?

Rep: I just picked up the phone – I must have been expecting a call – and there was this sound of heavy breathing. All very obvious. I thought it might have been a line fault and then this really foul language began. Not at all ripe sounding.

Quest: What did he say?

Rep: I'm not even sure it was a he, it sounded like an adolescent. It was just a stream of four letter words. If you ask me it was all rather stupid.

Quest: Four letter words don't interest you?

Rep: In the right situation, yes. But not just spouted down the phone. That's for spotty little schoolboys or wilting virgins. It doesn't turn me on.

Quest: What does turn you on?

Rep: Something a bit more sophisticated, a bit smoother. What's the point of shouting, 'I want to fuck you' down the phone? It's not as if you can do it.

Quest: But it can lead to it?

Rep: Now that would be telling.

Quest: Why not?

Rep: Well, it's not anything I'm especially proud of. No, that's silly. If a man wants you that's between him and you, isn't it? I went to a convent school, you see. You get stuck with all these moral hang ups. It was while I was working in this art gallery – my first job actually. One of my brother's friends owned it. He was a bit short handed so I offered to help out. I had to act as a kind of receptionist cum telephonist – very boring and no money to speak of – and there was this other girl working with me. She was some sort of accountant or cashier or something – she used to do all the books and the typing. I'm useless at typing, of course. Anyway, she was married and her husband used to ring her up quite regularly – at least once or twice a day. And his voice was heaven. I mean, dreamy. Very ripe, very creamy. I had to cross my legs the moment I heard him.

Quest: What kind of things did he say?

Rep: Oh nothing overtly outrageous. He was very normal, for weeks in fact. He just sounded friendly, as if he wouldn't have minded if I'd said: you sound nice, I bet you're nice in bed. Not that I'd ever actually say that, of course.

Quest: What did you say?

Rep: I told him once he had a nice, stroky kind of voice, the kind that stroked me all over like hands. He thought that was terribly funny. He said I sounded like a girl who'd enjoy being stroked all over. It became a sort of joke we had. I used to say, 'Hello, is that my stroky-voiced man calling again? When are you coming up to stroke me all over properly?' And he'd just laugh it off.

Quest: Did you mean it?

Rep: Oh, it was just a joke. I hadn't even seen the guy. It just made me feel all tingly and nice. I used to look forward to it.

Quest: He never came into the office?

Rep: Not while I was there. That wasn't deliberate, I mean – at least I don't think so, because his wife, Sarah, was so absolutely fantastically jealous. They hadn't been married long and she was convinced half the world was after her little Jeremy. It was quite pathetic at times. When I used to put him through to her she'd always quip, 'Has our switchboard girl been trying to seduce you again?' Not that I liked being called a switchboard girl. But there was always that edge to it. Steel claws under the soft paw. I made up my mind. If I ever do meet this fellow I'll make such a play for him. It'll teach the silly bitch a lesson.

Quest: No ulterior motive?

Rep: I was curious, sure. Voices like that aren't two a penny. But he might have been fat and balding, for all I knew. I didn't automatically want to go to bed with him.

Quest: But you did meet him eventually?
Rep: Ian, the fellow who ran the place, usually has a big New Year party. He's got this country house, six bedrooms, swimming pool. Absolutely gorgeous, and he invited all the staff down there. With husbands, wives et cetera. Of course I went along and I was agog to see what the famous Jeremy actually looked like. I must admit I did doll myself up a bit.
Quest: And you liked him in the flesh?
Rep: Whoa, not so fast. I saw Sarah come in – we were all in this vast living room and with her was this quiet very slim guy with crinkly brown hair and glasses. It was Jeremy, of course and I remember going, 'Phew!'
Quest: With admiration?
Rep: Relief! I mean if he'd come in looking like Omar Sharif or Paul Newman I'd have avoided him like the plague. With a voice like that and a fabulous body I wouldn't have been able to keep my hands off him. I couldn't have flirted. I'd have meant it, and he would have known. As it was he was just right. Not an Adonis, but ordinary. I wouldn't have said no but I already had enough ordinary boyfriends.
Quest: So what did you do?
Rep: I swooped up to them in my best vamping style – I had this really deep cleavage on me and my boobs aren't bad, hair to my shoulders, sleeveless gown – and gasped, 'At last my stroky-voiced caller, are you going to carry me off tonight?' And I just said a quick hello to Sarah who went scarlet. It was beautifully done, if I say it myself. I whisked Jeremy away to the drinks table and we went into a rapid tête-à-tête. He seemed to find it all hilarious, at least I thought so then. Then Sarah steamed up to repel boarders and I buzzed off. After that I just grabbed him whenever I had a chance. It was a bit shameless, I admit.
Quest: How did he react?
Rep: Like he always did, a big joke. I really began to like him. We were dancing once and I could feel Sarah's eyes on us across the floor. But he kept looking down my cleavage. Not leeringly, I mean. Sort of half-jokingly, almost academically. He said, 'So that's the body I'm supposed to be stroking some day. Seems eminently acceptable.' Something like that. But with that voice it sounded so sexy my whole stomach turned over. I was suddenly itching between my legs and I thought, Oops, steady now. Time to retreat. So just before Sarah arrived I told him I had to go to the loo and rushed off.
Quest: Did he follow you?
Rep: I had that inevitable feeling, do you know what I mean? When you realise something's going to happen if you're not careful. I went right to the other side of the house – there was a bathroom and loo in one of the suites, and I was coming back about fifteen minutes later when who should I run into in the corridor? Oh, it was really silly. It really was. He said, 'Have you seen the garden at the back – it looks beautiful in the frost. You can see it from the balcony in the study.' Which was ridiculous. I knew more about the house than he did. And this study place was really just an extra bedroom. But when he said it I curled up inside. We stepped into the room and there was a balcony, beyond french windows, and he stood behind me – of course we hadn't put the light on – and whispered, 'Now I'm going to stroke that beautiful body properly, like I promised.' And before I could do or say anything his hands were inside my gown and crushing my boobs so tightly, I almost fainted. My whole body ached with wanting. It really was like being stroked all over with that voice, in the dark. Suddenly we were kissing and the gown was down to my waist and my breasts were all bare – there's no point in a bra with a dress like that – and I could feel his penis pressing through his trousers against my groin like a lump of iron and I thought, 'Oh God, you can't say no now.' Then we were lying on this divan thing in the corner – I'm not sure what it was. And he was dragging down my panties and ripping off his own clothes and talking all the time – 'You're beautiful, you're fantastic, I must stroke you, I must touch – ' It was so beautiful. And he was great. I mean, most men hardly bother to drop their trousers for a quick bash at a party. But he went all the way. I mean, stripped right off. And suddenly there we were in the moonlight. Absolutely naked, with me half on half off the bed and him there between my legs, panting like absolute mad. And then the light snapped on. Christ, it was so awful I still have nightmares about it. Sarah standing at the door, black as death, screaming at us – 'Get off that bloody whore!' Jerking at Jeremy's arm, pulling his hair – you can't do that to a man when he's just about to shoot his load. He went white and scarlet all at the same time and flopped out of me just as he was coming. Too, too much.
Quest: Tell me about Stephen.
Rep: Stephen is my lover and a lovely man. We have the most fantastic super erotic phone calls.
Quest: About what?
Rep: Silly things if you say them right out. He says he's just got out the bath and I say careful you don't hurt yourself. And he says, don't worry, talking to you I'm well up out of range of anything. Actually it gets terribly disgusting. We screw each other over the phone.
Quest: How on earth do you manage that?
Rep: Blush, blush. It's because we were apart, you see. Stephen works for my father – he's quite old really, I mean for me. He was around for absolute ages before I decided I wanted him. Then I just woke up one morning and thought what a lovely man he was. Anyway about a month after that I got this fabulous job working for the cosmetics people. Travelling about up north, Scandinavia sometimes if I'm lucky. Very executive. So I had to go – I mean it's a one in a thousand chance thing – and darling Stephen used to ring me at my hotel every night. I insisted on that. Stephen is terribly sexually active. We go to bed for whole weekends, we don't even answer the phone. Sometimes I'm lucky if I put my panties on from Friday to Monday. So you can imagine what a strain it was being away from him.
Quest: But his voice on the phone turned you on?
Rep: That's the odd thing. Stephen hasn't got a tingly kind of voice, really. It's more his manner. He made me do terrible lovely things.
Quest: Tell me about them.
Rep: It was the big thing in my day. He used to call at about eleven thirty. I'd turn out all the lights in my hotel room, except the little bedside one. Then I'd strip off absolutely everything. That always turns me on a little. I'm shamelessly auto-erotic, I often wonder if I'm a suppressed Lezzie the sight of me in the altogether turns me on so much. I must find out. Anyway as soon as I'm all glowingly naked with my hair down I'd sprawl on the bed all inviting and wait for Stephen's call. And he would do the same of course.
Quest: You mean strip off?
Rep: Oh absolutely, not a stitch. I always asked to make sure.
Quest: What happened when he rang?
Rep: He'd pretend he was lying there with me, except I would do what he'd do. He'd say: put your hand on your breast – that's me touching you – now flick your nipple till it stands up. Now smooth your hands down your body very softly, feel every inch, every little curve. Open your legs. Let your fingers just brush the inside of your thighs – ever so lightly. Feel how satiny and warm it is. Now bring your hands up, smooth them round your curls, let a finger just touch your pussy – that's me come to chase your pussy.
Quest: And what effect did that have?
Rep: What do you think! I only had to hear him and I went goosepimply. By then I was practically screaming for it. My eyes were tight shut and it really did feel like he was doing that to me.
Quest: Did you just lie back and listen to him talking?
Rep: We talked to each other, I'd say. I'm running my fingers down your chest. I'm cupping your balls in my hand, I'm stroking your beautiful thing and it's purple and throbbing and huge. It was definitely a two-way affair.
Quest: Tell me what else you did together?
Rep: Stephen would say: now we're going to do it, now we're going to fuck. And we'd both be breathing like steam engines, it was so incredible. He'd say, put your hand on your pussy – slowly, slowly – that's me coming to you. Press harder and harder. That's me, feel me, can you feel me jerking?

I can hardly keep it back. You're so beautiful I'll never get inside you. I'd be just mad by then! I'd have my legs up in the air, heaving my crotch and my hand working away on my clitty like billyo. Then he'd whisper, I'm coming inside, I'm pushing, I'm bursting in. Can you feel me? Can you feel all of me? And before I knew it I'd have one finger inside, and then two and more sometimes. I'd scream down the phone, 'I can feel you, I'm coming, I'm coming – ' And I would, beautifully.

Quest: And Stephen too?

Rep: Oh yes, or there wasn't any point in the exercise. Sometimes he'd describe to me how he came first and that would bring me off. He's terribly descriptive, no detail missed.

Quest: Do you still make sexy phone calls to each other?

Rep: Not like that because we don't need to. I work in London now. But I do like him to give me a ring before he comes round for the night or the weekend. Just to get me in the right mood.

Quest: Thank you.

Three Housewife, 34 years old, brunette, town of origin Leeds

This interviewee, a bright and vivacious woman, had been married eight years though without having children. Before her marriage she had been a canteen supervisor. Her husband was a merchant seaman and during his absence she returned to her previous employment.

Quest: You say men used to say things to you in the street?

Housewife: All the time yes. More when I was younger, of course.

Quest: And what did they say?

Housewife: You know, personal things.

Quest: How personal?

Housewife: Let's have a feel. Lovely bit of crumpet. I'd like to give you a good go – you know, a good fuck. Stupid really. Do they think I'm going to drop my drawers in the middle of the high street? I just give them a sick sort of grin, wiggle my bum a bit. Gives them a cheap thrill, doesn't it?

Quest: Do you like to hear men use four letter words towards you?

Housewife: I don't like swearing. I don't see the point in that. But when you mean the words, when you're having sex, I think they're exciting. I find they're exciting. Sort of crude and rough, like a man's John Thomas. Ugly and exciting at the same time. I think 'fuck' is a good word. Crude and effy. Sounds like what it is. I'm a right little sex pot, aren't I?

Quest: You enjoy sex a lot?

Housewife: Oh God, I do need a man about the place. Someone who's going to give me a good going over. I told Tom when I married him: you've got to look after me, keep me on the straight and narrow. If I don't get it regularly I get all bendy.

Quest: Bendy?

Housewife: Knickers in a twist. Tom just laughed. Then the silly bugger goes and joins the merchant navy. For the good money. I'd rather have gone back to work myself. I ended up doing that anyway. He's away half the year.

Quest: How often are you unfaithful?

Housewife: It's not natural to go without, is it? If there were kids it would be different, but Tom and I don't seem to have the luck. For the first couple of years I never looked at anyone. I never bring any of them home. In a block of flats you can't keep anything like that secret. My sister, Maggie, and I go to this dance hall in the centre. No one knows us there. She's single anyway, about five years younger than me. She's a randy little cow. These two fellows picked us up there once and we were walking back to their place for a nightcap. Suddenly little sister's gone. She's only in a doorway in the high street being humped by this bloke. She didn't even know his name. I was so embarrassed. I wouldn't do it out of bed.

Quest: When was the last time?

Housewife: When Tom was away last. But that was at work. That's not a good idea either, because Tom used to work there, you see. That's how I met him. He's still got friends there.

Quest: What happened at work?

Housewife: That was another foul-mouthed bastard. He was cocky. Dick, his name was. It suited him.

Quest: Why did he use four letter words to you?

Housewife: He was plain bloody rude. But he had this nice voice. Gravelly and deep. You know, like Johnny Cash, like Tom in fact. Tom's got a nice voice. It was about three years ago now. I was in the canteen, helping the girls clear the tables after lunch. That's always a busy time because they use the hall for displays and things as well and it can't stay cluttered. Anyway there was this table in the far corner where four fellows were still sitting, finishing their tea when almost everyone else had gone. They shouldn't have been there because the hooter had gone. It's a good firm but they're sticklers about time. So I breezed over with my tray and said something like, 'Come on, drink up. I've got work to do if you haven't.' Something very ordinary. But not unpleasant. And this big fellow with black hair and one of those Mexican type of moustaches – he couldn't have been more than twenty-five or six – looked up and said to me: 'I bet you've got a big one. Any room in there for me?'

Quest: What did you say to that?

Housewife: I was flabbergasted. I mean it's a bloody cheek to come out with that to a married woman.

Quest: But you liked it?

Housewife: I couldn't be angry about it. I should have bitten his head off. But I just went pink and muttered 'You wouldn't have anything to interest me.' I could see everyone was a bit ill at ease, I should have just moved off. But the big fellow said, 'Big Dick by name, big Dick by nature. Give you a free go any day, love.' And the other fellows laughed. But I felt myself go pink again and found myself grinning at him and he was giving me this big wide grin, as if we knew each other, you know. And one of the other fellows said, 'Aye, aye, Dick's going to dip his wick there.' And I really let fly then, but they just laughed and went off.

Quest: What happened after that?

Housewife: We serve a dinner in the evening because there's normally a late shift in the week. And usually afterwards I go with the girls over to the pub opposite – I don't like going home to an empty flat. And of course he was there with his mates. Somebody said, 'Hello Dick, she couldn't keep away,' but I just smiled and ignored them. Eventually, though, he came over to us and was very polite and pleasant. I quite liked him. We got talking to each other. He was waiting for his divorce to come through, apparently, and feeling a bit low. His wife had given him a right run around. He offered to walk me back home because his flat was on the way. So I thought why not. It was all perfectly friendly and innocent. He had a bed sit in a big old house with a gravel driveway at the front. We stopped by the gate and I was just saying thank you for walking me this way, when he said: 'I thought we might go upstairs for that good fuck which I promised you.'

Quest: What effect did that have?

Housewife: I suddenly found myself kissing him. And I really hadn't wanted that. I was quite prepared to be just friendly and leave it. In fact when we broke off I asked him if he realised I was married. But he just said, don't talk to me about marriage and asked me up for a cup of tea.

Quest: So you went up.

Housewife: He had a really tiny place. All bed and this fiddly little gas ring. I had to sit next to him on the bed, there was nothing else. He put the kettle on and we started kissing again. I thought, this'll be all right for a bit then I'll go. But then he came up for air and said, 'I bet you do have a juicy big cunt.' And that really made me shivery inside and I thought, watch it, girl; he's going to be up your pants if you're not careful. But I wasn't warning myself, I was thinking how nice it would be. Then he started unbuttoning my blouse and I said something but he didn't stop. He peeled it off my shoulders and began to rub my nipples through my bra. I only had on this flimsy Mary Quant thing. He jerked it up and my breasts flopped out – I hadn't really done anything yet – and he said, 'You've got really nice tits. I think I'm going to have to give you that fuck now.' And that was that. I couldn't have said no. I mean, what else could I do?

Quest: Did he realise the effect the four letter words were having?

Housewife: Oh, yes. I think it gave him a bit of a thrill to say them.

Quest: He said them while you were doing it?

Housewife: And me too. I kept saying 'Fuck me, go on, give it to me, fuck me, you big bastard,' and he said it when he was doing it, when his thing was in me. He was almost out of breath. It was lovely.

Quest: Did you sleep with him often?

Housewife: Only the once. He got the sack a week later. He was such a cheeky bastard.

Quest: You mentioned before about a sexy call you had.

Housewife: Oh my randy rag-and-bone man. You're making me sound like a right Lady Bountiful, aren't you? I don't drop my knickers for everyone, you know. I wouldn't do that to Tom.

Quest: But you did have a sexy phone call?

Housewife: We had a phone installed a couple of years ago because Tom reckoned he could call me up on his extra long trips, or if anything serious happened. In fact we've hardly used it.

Quest: Who was the rag-and-bone man?

Housewife: A young chap. I don't even remember his name. It wasn't Steptoe. He used to come round the flats asking for odds and ends every fortnight, which was good because most of them just go down the street, don't they? You have to take everything down. But he was a randy sod. I know for a fact he was stopping off regularly at a couple of the young wives on the ground floor. And he wasn't anything special to look at. Just a good chatter upper, and he always looked as if he could do with a bit.

Quest: So you invited him in.

Housewife: Not for that, believe it or not. Oh, I wondered if he might try it. But we'd had a big clear out when Tom was last home and there was a pile of stuff to go. Of course he made it obvious that he was available when I told him Tom was at sea.

Quest: In what way?

Housewife: Just chat. He knew better than to try anything. I got him a cup of tea because he said he'd take it all. Then the phone rang. And there was this strange voice. All deep and throaty. Like an actor I've seen on the telly, I can never remember his name. I went cold all over, all icy inside.

Quest: What did he say?

Housewife: I can't remember the exact words. It was all filth – horrible obscenities. All these things he was going to do to me. I just stood there rigid. My heart was thumping like it would burst.

Quest: Did it excite you?

Housewife: It was like the fellows talking to you in the street. Except you couldn't just walk on. I was really shocked to my bones. And of course randy ragman took his chance.

Quest: Took his chance?

Housewife: The phone's in the hall and I'd left him with his tea in the kitchen. I suddenly felt someone behind me and there he was. Listening in and grinning his stupid head off.

Quest: Why didn't you ring off?

Housewife: Never thought of it. Anyway I wanted to hear what this fellow said. Actually I was a bit frightened too because he might have been just across the street. I was quite glad the ragman was there, though I didn't say so.

Quest: What did the ragman do?

Housewife: He put his head right next to mine to hear better, then he put his hand over the receiver and said to me, 'It gets you going, doesn't it? I can tell,' and the cheeky devil reached down and drew his thumb right up the front of my jeans where the seam is, right over my crack. I nearly passed out.

Quest: Did you like that?

Housewife: I told you, it doesn't take much to get me going. You see, I was wearing this tatty old pair of jeans because I wasn't going out. They were years old and I'd put on a bit so I never bothered to wear my knickers under them. There were pop studs down the front so I wasn't risking my pubes. But you could see practically everything outlined; I mean the mound, the lips, because Dick was right, I'm very fleshy down there. And when this fellow touched me it was as if I'd been stark naked. Of course he saw it in my face, but I flared up anyway. I told him to keep his hands to himself. But he didn't take any notice.

Quest: What did he do?

Housewife: I only had this knitted polo neck on top – it was very tight so I didn't need a bra – I sound as if I was asking for it, don't I? I'm a sloppy cow anyway but when Tom's away I let myself go. Anyway he slipped his hand under it and shoved it right up till it was covering my breast and of course he felt my nipple standing up like a sore thumb. Then he grinned at me again and said, 'You don't have to be ashamed, love. Lots of women like a bit of dirty talk. It turns me on too.' And he looked down. And his prick was sticking right down his trouser leg, like a bloody truncheon. I couldn't take my eyes off it. I couldn't help thinking to myself, so that's what keeps all those little pussies downstairs purring.

Quest: What happened to the phone call?

Housewife: I don't remember. I dropped the phone, I think. He took hold of the bottom of my sweater and yanked it up under my armpits. Then he started biting my breasts all over, nipping them with his teeth, licking and sucking. God, it turns me on just to think of it. It was like turning the cold tap on in the shower by mistake. I was gasping and spluttering, I felt my insides just collapse. And he did it so quickly I couldn't breathe. I staggered back against the wall, my new brushed velvet wallpaper. And he just pinned me to it, plastered me there, so to speak, with the entire weight of his body.

Quest: What were you doing while this was going on?

Housewife: Going mad! All I could think was that massive thing in his trousers and I kept reaching out and rubbing it, trying to get my hands round it. But he just brushed my hands aside. Then he was yanking open my jeans – he broke one of the studs. His hands were touching my fanny and then I felt it against my stomach. Boy oh boy! He was smooth, I'll give him that. He had these stud things on his trousers too, so that they'd just slip down when you yanked on them. Talk about, wasting no time. I was clutching at him trying to get my fingers around it properly. Then I realised he was trying to lift me onto it and I thought, Christ, he's going to crack me in two. Then he dangled me on it. Because I'm quite small really and he was a stocky fellow. By the time he got the whole thing into me I was like a rag doll – I was shivering like a flu victim. My whole body was just left throbbing with the ache of it. And he was saying something too – just dirty words, I think. I couldn't listen, I was so full. My muscles were really clenched and I honestly thought I wouldn't have the energy to come. All I knew was his hands squeezing my armpits and my bottom slapping against the wall. It was all so bloody marvellous. Then I knew I couldn't hold it back whatever happened and as I felt him jerk, it all burst inside me. I went out like a light. And got a nasty bruise banging my head on the wall because he *was* so shagged out, too, he couldn't hold me any longer. You can understand now why I like doing it in bed.

Quest: Did you see your randy ragman again?

Housewife: I saw him around but I stayed out of his way. A fellow like that spreads rumours. You can't be too careful.

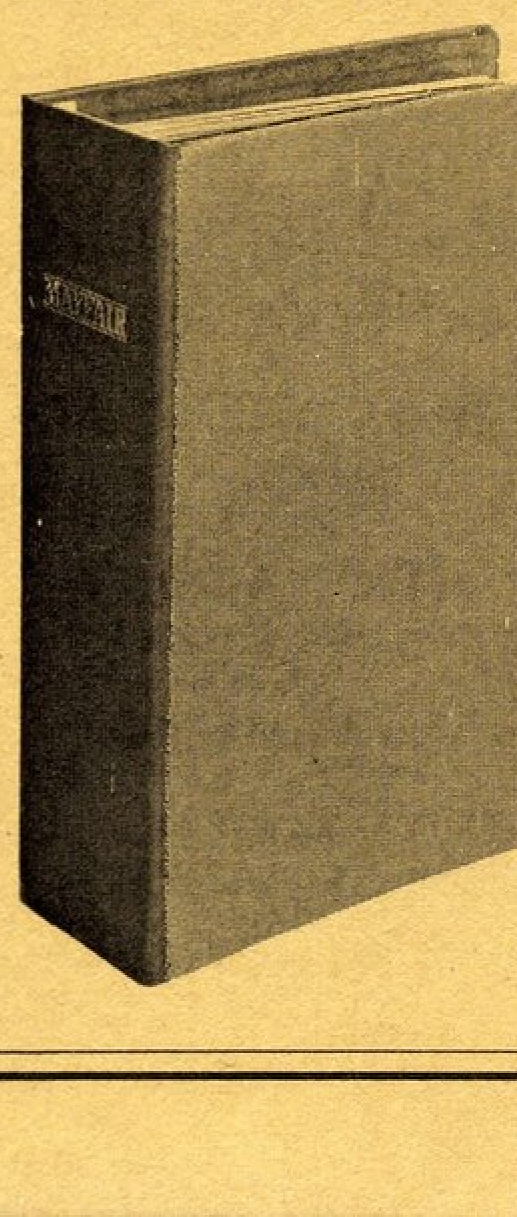
Quest: And nothing came of the sexy caller?

Housewife: He hasn't called since.

Quest: Does your husband know you like to be turned on by four letter words?

Housewife: Tom's very straightforward. It's not really his cup of tea, I wouldn't like to say.

Quest: Thank you.



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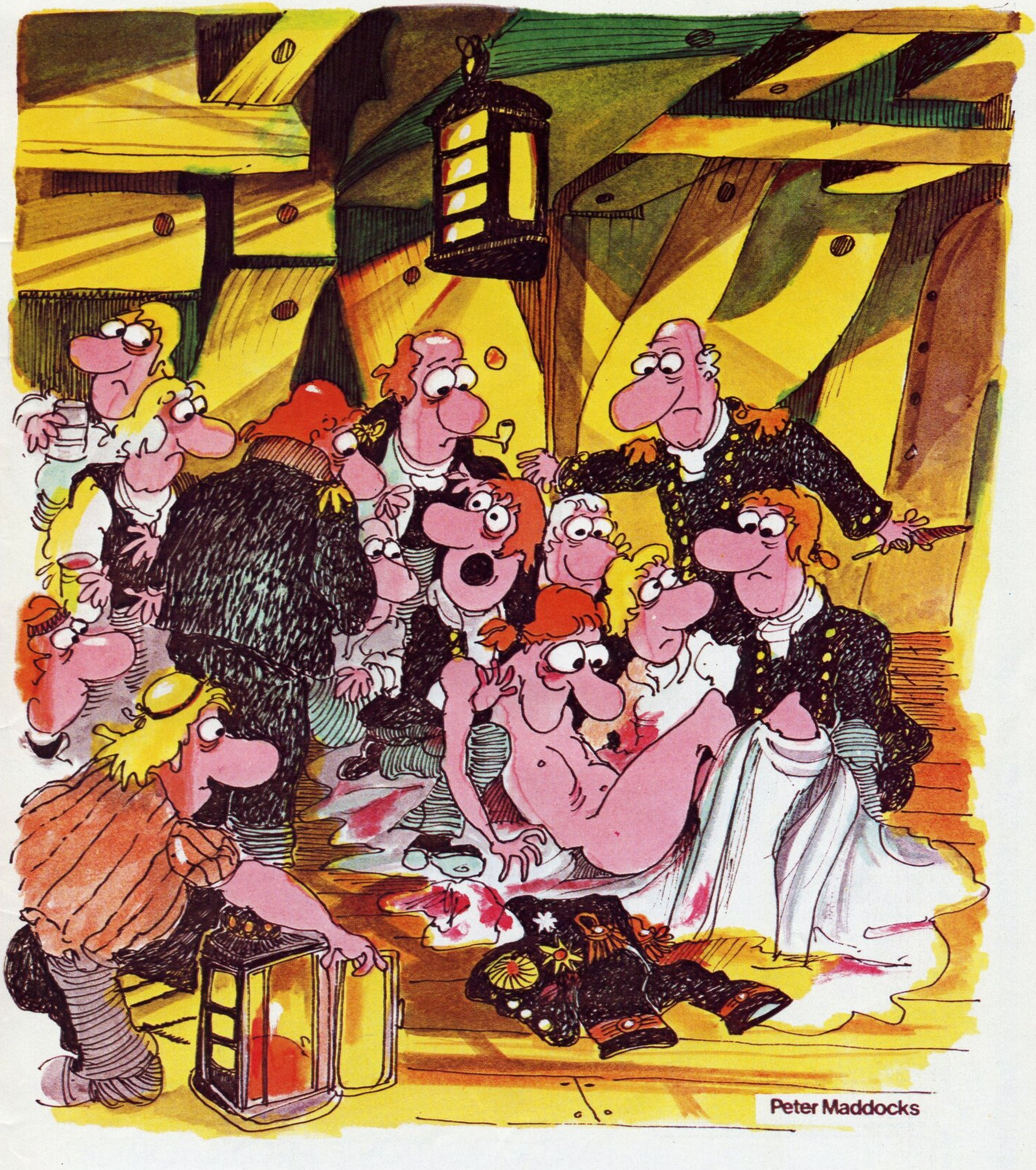
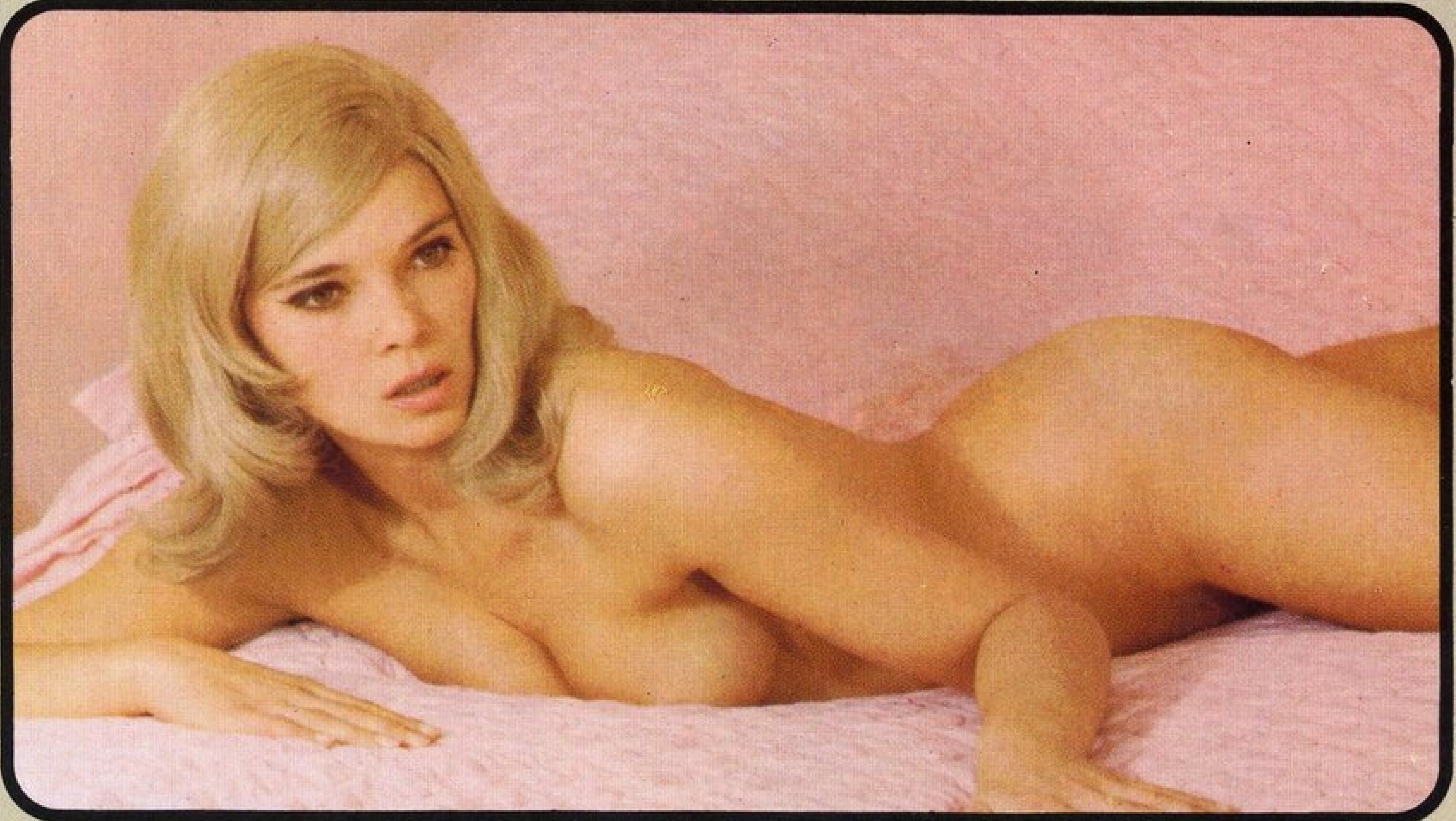

Peter Maddocks

'It's an order, men – one of us has got to kiss his hardy!'

MAYFAIR'S

No matter how you like your girls, at least one film in Mayfair's Film Society has something to please your tastes. There's five absolutely gorgeous girls. That's five different shapes, and five different sizes.

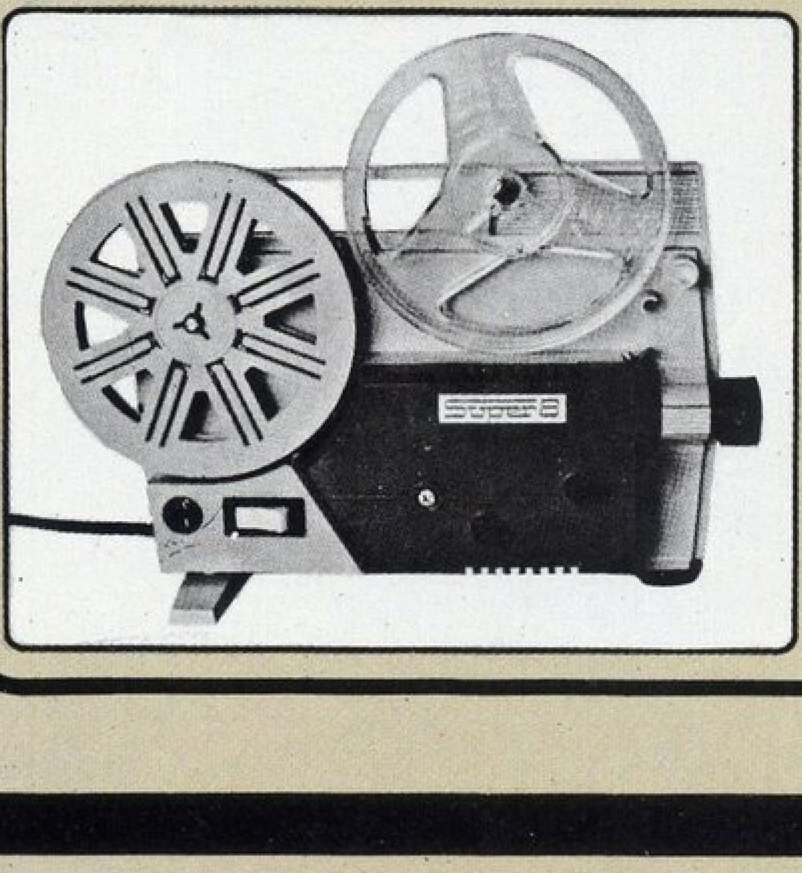
Latest addition to the Mayfair Film Society is that delectable Bournemouth beauty queen, Penny Mallett. Filmed at London's Latin Quarter night club, she plays a distressed beauty queen. Distressed because the other girls in the contest are so jealous that they cut up Penny's costume and there she is, stuck starkers. But Penny isn't beaten. A polythene laundry bag sets her initiative running wild and soon she's clad in a sexy transparent bikini. Before Penny came air-hostess Sophie who spills her duty free drink all over her on a train journey. With her crisp clean uniform soaking she decides to change on the train, with startling results. Contrasting the tall slim Sophie are the warm, well-rounded features of Victoria Jane, who decides that her pet dog needs a wash. Watch the soap suds go everywhere as she goes about it. If you like them big and black there's Sylvia Bayo. Her huge breasts and full sensuous lips could turn on an ice cube. And for the man who likes the old-fashioned blonde type we have pert, Monroeish Caroline Dell. Mayfair colour films let you see our girls in living, moving colour. They are approximately 100 feet long and each costs £6.50 All the films are 8 mm but there is a choice of Super 8 or Standard 8. Please check which one will fit your projector and if you are buying a new projector, remember Super 8 machines give a larger image.



CAROLINE *Pert and pretty Caroline Dell as she appeared as Mayfair's Girl of the Year in Vol. 4 No. 12*

SYLVIA *Delicious and dusky Sylvia Bayo displaying her charms in Vol. 5 No. 1. Clothes just can't contain Sylvia*

With five full colour films available to you through the



FANTASTIC MOVIE PROJECTOR OFFER

Our great new Super 8 projector is available to Mayfair readers for the bargain price of just £14.50.Packed in a special case, it comes complete with its own wall hung screen. Look around your local photographic store, and we are sure you won't find another projector with these features at the same price. It gives a needle-sharp image from 8 mm stock – making it ideal not only for Mayfair Film Society features, but for your home movies as well. Mains operated, it is finished in tough plastic and features an easy self-threading device. The screen measures 24″ by 17″ and rolls up for storage. A larger image can be projected on any light surface such as a wall or white sheeting. Note: due to high postal rates this offer can apply to the United Kingdom only.

FABULOUS FIVE

SOPHIE *Sophisticated Sophie losing her air-hostess uniform on film number four*

PENNY *The perfection of Penny Mallett as she appears on film, clothed in polythene*

VICTORIA *Victoria Jane, as she was in Mayfair's Vol. 6 No. 5*

Mayfair Film Society, every possible taste in dolly appreciation is amply catered for

To MAYFAIR FILM SOCIETY, 95A CHANCERY LANE, WC2

Please send me Victoria Jane/Caroline Dell/Sylvia Bayo/hostess Sophie/Penny Mallett film(s) (delete whichever does not apply). I would like Standard 8mm/Super 8mm (delete whichever does not apply).

I enclose cheque/postal order for……………………………

Please send me……………Super 8 Projector(s). I enclose cheque/postal order for……………………………

Name……………………………………………………(I am over 18)

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…………………………………………… Date…………………… M103

If you do not wish to cut your magazine, we shall be happy to receive your order on plain paper. Don't forget to specify exactly which film you want. Block capitals throughout, please.

Reg. London No. 875169.

In Mayfair next month

It must be Spring!

Everywhere you look there are birds peeling off their pants. Meet seven of them – bright, breezy and very bare – in next month's issue of Mayfair.

Fiery fish. Fascinating and hilarious tales from the early days of a marine weapon that was to prove one of the deadliest ever. **Motoring's bonniest baby.** William Boddy appraises the pre-war car that was tops in inexpensive comfort, speed and reliability. **Plus:** our stripgirl Carrie in trouble again, arousing fiction, choice after dinner jokes, pages of cartoons, pages of readers' letters and Quest on an absorbing new area of feminine sexuality.

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Clap Clinic *continued from page 50*

heard my own number being announced. I was glad to get into the consulting room for the doctor's voice had an immediately calming effect on me.

'Sit down,' he said gently, 'and tell me what's the trouble.'

I explained.

'Any discharge?'

'It's a bit moist.'

'When did you last have sex?'

'On Saturday.'

'With a girl or a boy?'

If my astonishment was obvious, he showed no sign of having noticed.

'A girl.'

'And before that?'

I ended up giving him a complete rundown on my recent sex-life. He then inspected the offending object after which I was asked to provide two urine samples. The doctor dropped a piece of litmus paper into one of these, stared at it intently, then turned to me with a smile.

'Well you haven't got diabetes.'

At that moment I could not have cared one way or the other about diabetes. I waited nervously while he added what appeared to be distilled water to the other sample and held it up to the light. A mass of little white shreds were floating about in the pale yellow fluid.

'Hmmm . . . At least it isn't gonorrhoea,' he informed me. 'You've just got a dose of urethritis.'

My face presumably showed that this left me none the wiser for he went on to explain. 'It isn't a serious form of venereal disease, only a mild one. We'll take a blood test then give you some pills to clear it up.'

The relief this news produced was unfortunately short-lived. The blood sample was relatively painless but the doctor delivered the killer blow as he handed me a little brown bottle.

'One pill, three times a day,' he instructed. 'No sex, of course – and no alcohol.'

The sex taboo I had expected, but to be deprived of the comfort of booze into the bargain . . . How on earth would I survive?

Survive, however, I did. In fact, in spite of this terrible twin taboo, I felt better almost as soon as I stepped back into the street. After all, at least I had caught nothing serious and, what was more, I was getting treatment which would soon clear it up.

The clearing up actually took about a month which meant several more trips to the clinic. These further visits, though not exactly pleasant, were certainly a lot less traumatic than the first one. Familiarity soon breeds security, the clinic staff turned out to be very friendly and helpful and, of course, when I made these return visits, I knew how to get there.

During the course of my treatment, I mentioned to the doctor this difficulty I had experienced in locating the clinic.

'Yes,' he murmured, squinting at the decreasing shred count in my latest urine sample, 'a lot of people tell us about that.' He looked up with a smile. 'But, then,' he added, 'we could hardly have a dirty great neon sign outside saying 'CLAP CLINIC,' could we now?'

LETTERS

continued from page 16

tells you if a thing is right or wrong), to stop the publication of your magazine and get rid of the filth that's eating its way into this country.

Jeff Lester, Cropton Road, Bricknell Avenue, Hull, E. Yorks.

We very much admire your courage in writing, Mr. Lester, and appreciate your views. But we feel that since Mayfair *has 2,000,000 male readers a month, the magazine serves a basic human need: and a natural one at that. We do not think that an appetite is of itself wrong or shame-making.*

John, my husband, bet I wouldn't write. So here! We've been married for nearly five months and boy does he screw. He complains that his penis is much too small (it measures eight inches by six and a half inches). But of course, this is nonsense. His stamina is unbelievable as all his mates boast of long 20 minute sessions while he stands up to two hours of non-stop action. Nor is he a once-a-week man. Only when he's feeling low does he limit playtime to twice a week, but he makes up for it.

Naturally I'm jealous, but I can't hide him away – he's over six feet tall. It's only natural to assume that he'd had lots of sex before! No way. He'd never had pussy before me. It sure is a great feeling to have a guy who'll do anything to please. Let's hear from other girls on their superstuds to see if they match up to mine.

Mrs. J. W., Nottingham

Being a healthy Canadian boy may I say your birds are fabulous. I'm not for large droopy boobs; I prefer them fairly small and firm. One I particularly liked was Eve Mallory (Vol. 9 No. 8), she was cute and natural.

How about an article on the British massage parlour scene? And that reminds me of a surprising experience I had on my visit to a massage parlour in Toronto, Canada.

I went up to the desk, paid my $15 and received a warm smile and directions from a delicious blonde seated on the side of a couch. After sauna and shower I returned to my room and was followed in by the same blonde, who introduced herself as Sandy. She then removed her clothes in a rather seductive manner. She rubbed my legs and in no time I had one of the biggest erections I've had.

As she worked her way up my stomach and chest she had a rub or two of my stiff penis. I put my hand on her ass and asked for some extra pleasure. Before I could whistle three bars of 'Dixie' she kissed my lips and worked her quickie kisses down to my erection, taking it in her mouth. In a quick gasp between breaths she asked me to hold on and start eating the delicious feast now straddling my face.

My climax hit at the same time as hers, and in a flash she reversed her position and straddled my old boy. I still had enough in me to do her. And her satisfaction allowed her to do all the extras at no extra cost. I've since had other fun times with Sandy – and all for free!

P. Cross, Ontario, Canada

I've just read Vol. 10 No. 1. Compliments on the delectable dishes offered. Of all the girls showing their exquisite forms, I liked Kimberley the best. She truly is an 18-carat gem. I'm saving her picture (p. 79) in my desk at work so I'll be able to look at her really delicious posterior whenever I feel the urge. Keep up the great work, fellas!

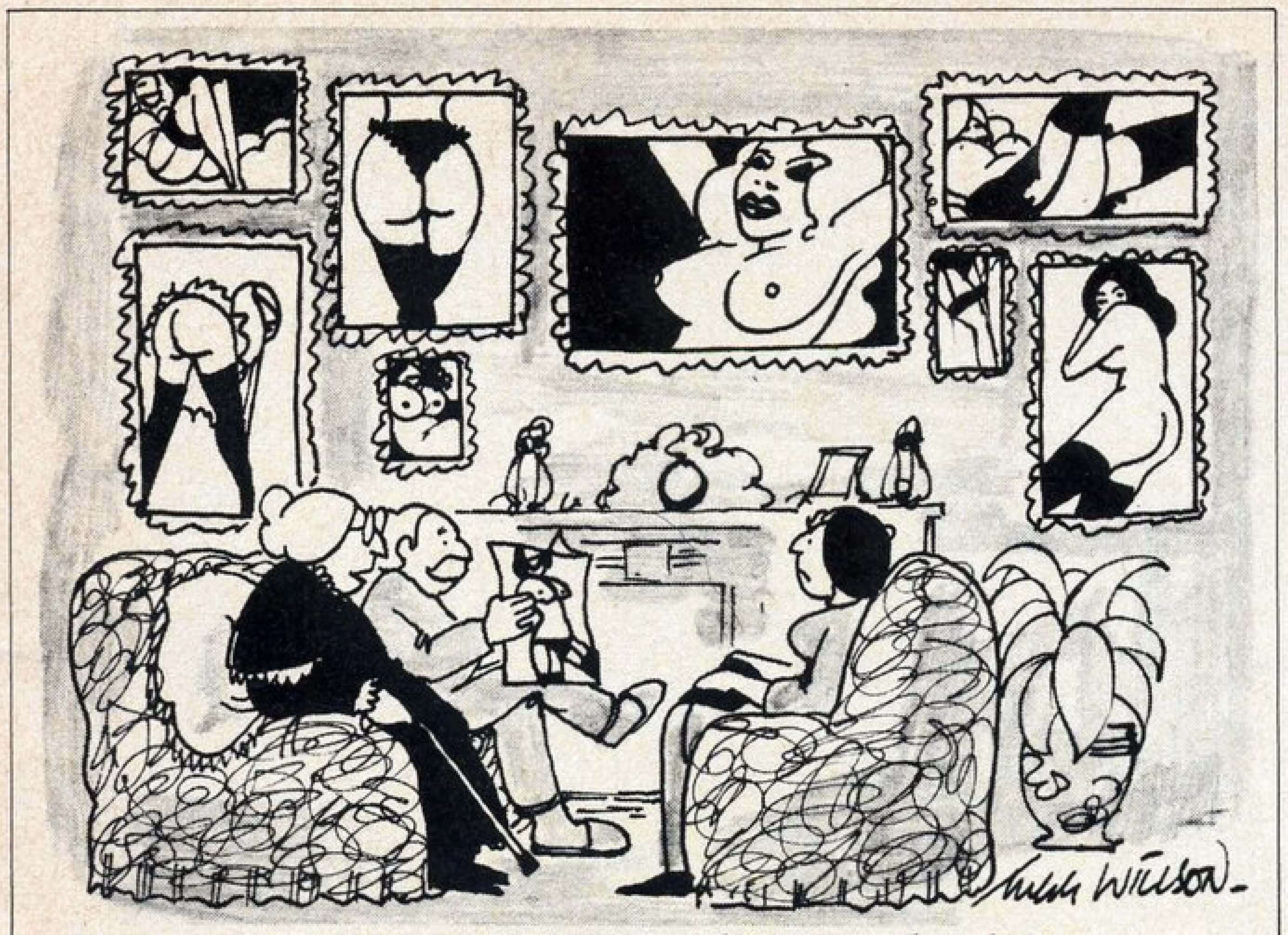
Louis Th. Fikenscher, The Netherlands

JOHN PLAYER
Carlton
PREMIUM
Filter Virginia
JOHN PLAYER
Carlton
LONG SIZE
Filter Virginia
JOHN PLAYER
Carlton
KING SIZE
Filter Virginia
23½p* Premium
29½p* Long Size
36½p* King Size
PCA40KK

Premium and Long-Size:
As defined in H.M. Government Tables
published in September 1974.

LOW TO

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A



' . . . my eyesight isn't what it used to be.'

and doing handstands to show us their knickers. This has had a profound effect on me and I can never resist giving passing schoolgirls an admiring glance and wondering whether they just might perhaps have navy blue knickers on.
K.O., Hartlepool, County Durham

I've just read your fantastic article on Standard cars in Vol. 10 No. 1.

My late father bought a Metallurgique coupé in September 1921. The 'Met,' as she was known in the family, was a blue/green colour with yellow artillery wheels. The headlamps were (carbide) gas and were never ever used if it could be helped: the clean up job afterwards was too big. The carriage and tail lamps were oil. I can remember my father lighting up with matches.

The car, which was Belgian made, cost £300, but after a disagreement over its age, my father got £100 back. He thought the car was 1914, but it came to light when it was scrapped in 1929/30, that the crankshaft was dated 'Krupp 1912.'

I can't remember much else about the car, only that she was going flat out at 25 mph and sounded like a thrashing mill at that speed. I'd be most interested in any other information concerning the Metallurgique of that time.
Ronald Barclay, Dundee

I eagerly await each issue of *Mayfair* – such gorgeous girls. But photographs of nudes don't really turn me on. But any mention of directoire knickers gives me extreme pleasure. In fact in one episode of *South Riding*, a schoolgirl, Midge, confided to her chums that the headmistress was covered in mud after helping Midge's father to deliver a calf, and before returning home had to borrow Midge's clothes which included a pair of apple green silk directoire knickers. I wish I could have seen her in them.

They are my favourite style and colour, but only if the elastic at the waist and legs is threaded between two rows of stitches. I've looked in many a lingerie shop, but I presume they're not widely available today. I like girls in satin bras and art silk knickers. Let's hope you'll realize my dreams with some pictures.
Arthur Rogers, Birmingham

As an old campaigner (I was born in 1906) I'm inclined to think that these days we tend to underrate the sensual potential of clothes, particularly of underclothes.

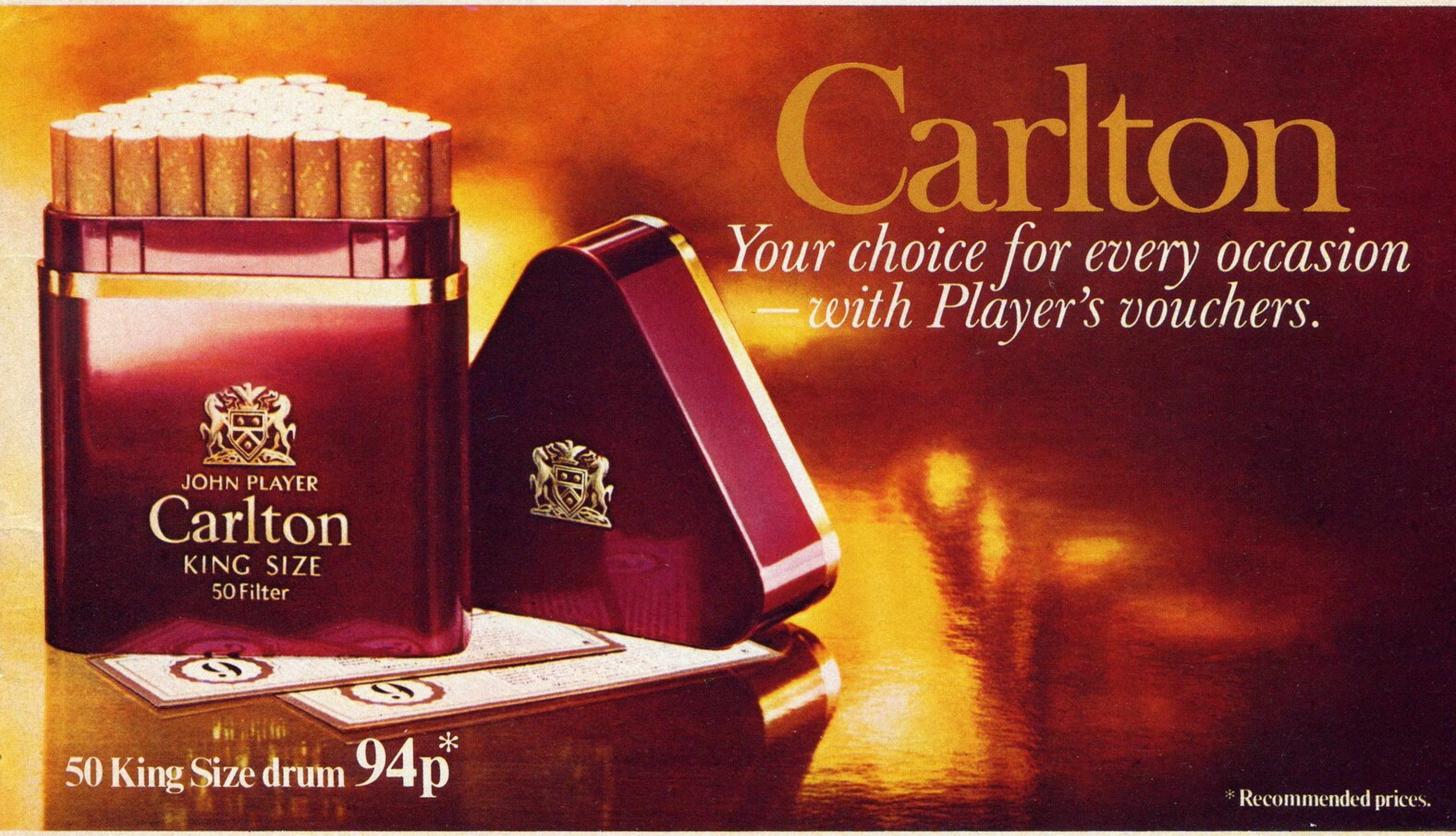
When everything is geared for speed, and fabrics are mostly man made, the delicious hors d'oeuvre of undressing (or being undressed) is neglected.

During the 'hot pants' fashion some intriguing patterns were on display, but how much better they would have been as real pants, next to nothing knickers, when knowing fingers could have unbuttoned let down front or midline seam to uncover a lusciously bedewed and musky vulva inside.

In actual circumustances, however, one would have probably encountered nylon tights underneath (in my opinion about as un unerotic as anything).

My feelings have been conditioned by an experience of my own many years ago. The

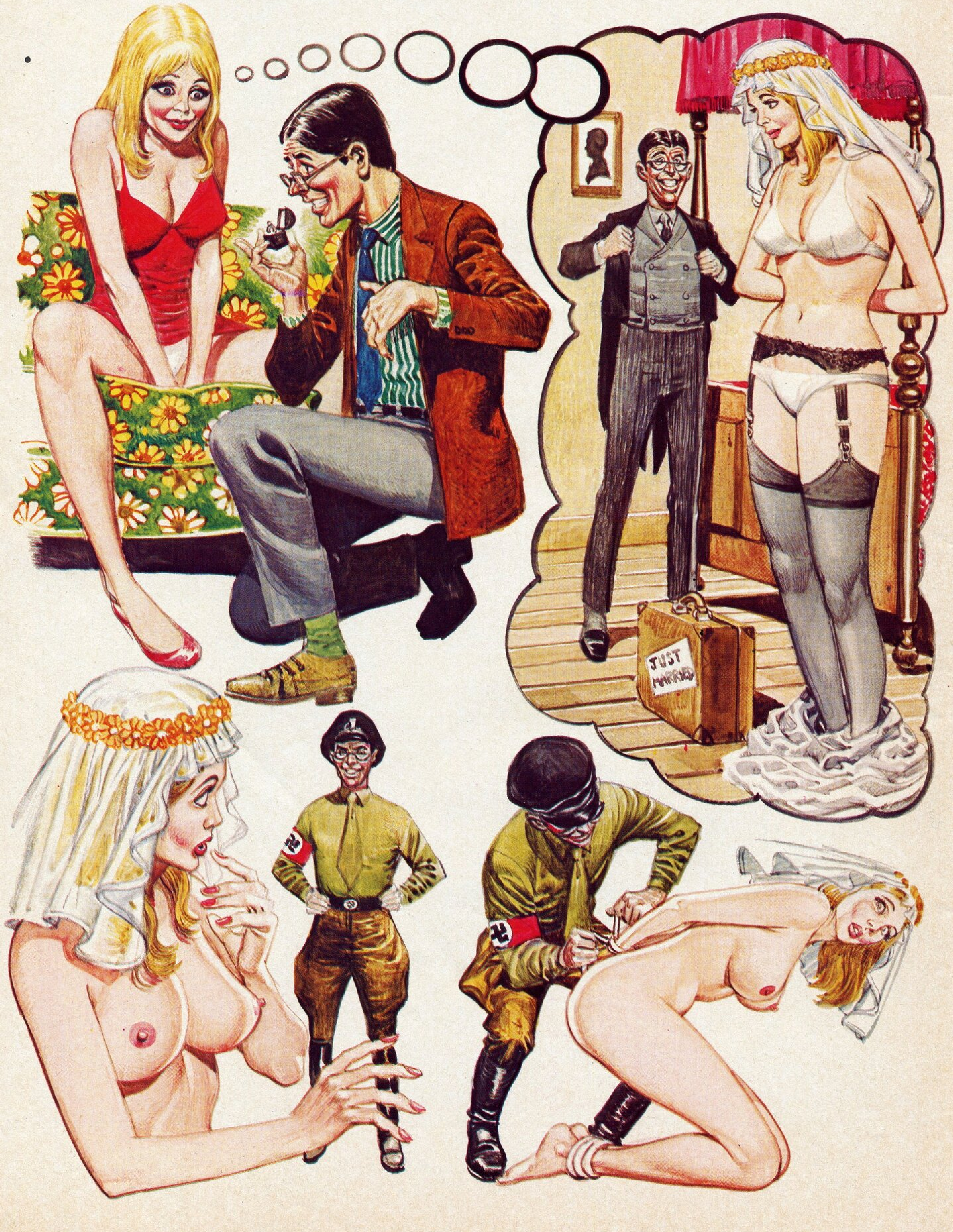
turn to page 112



MIDDLE TAR
King-Size: The tar yield of this brand is being decreased to Low to Middle Tar. Manufacturer's estimate, October 1974, of group as defined in H.M. Government Tables.
GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

CARRIE

Our stripgirl's bridal dreams go sour when fantasies get wild


JUST MARRIED

LETTERS

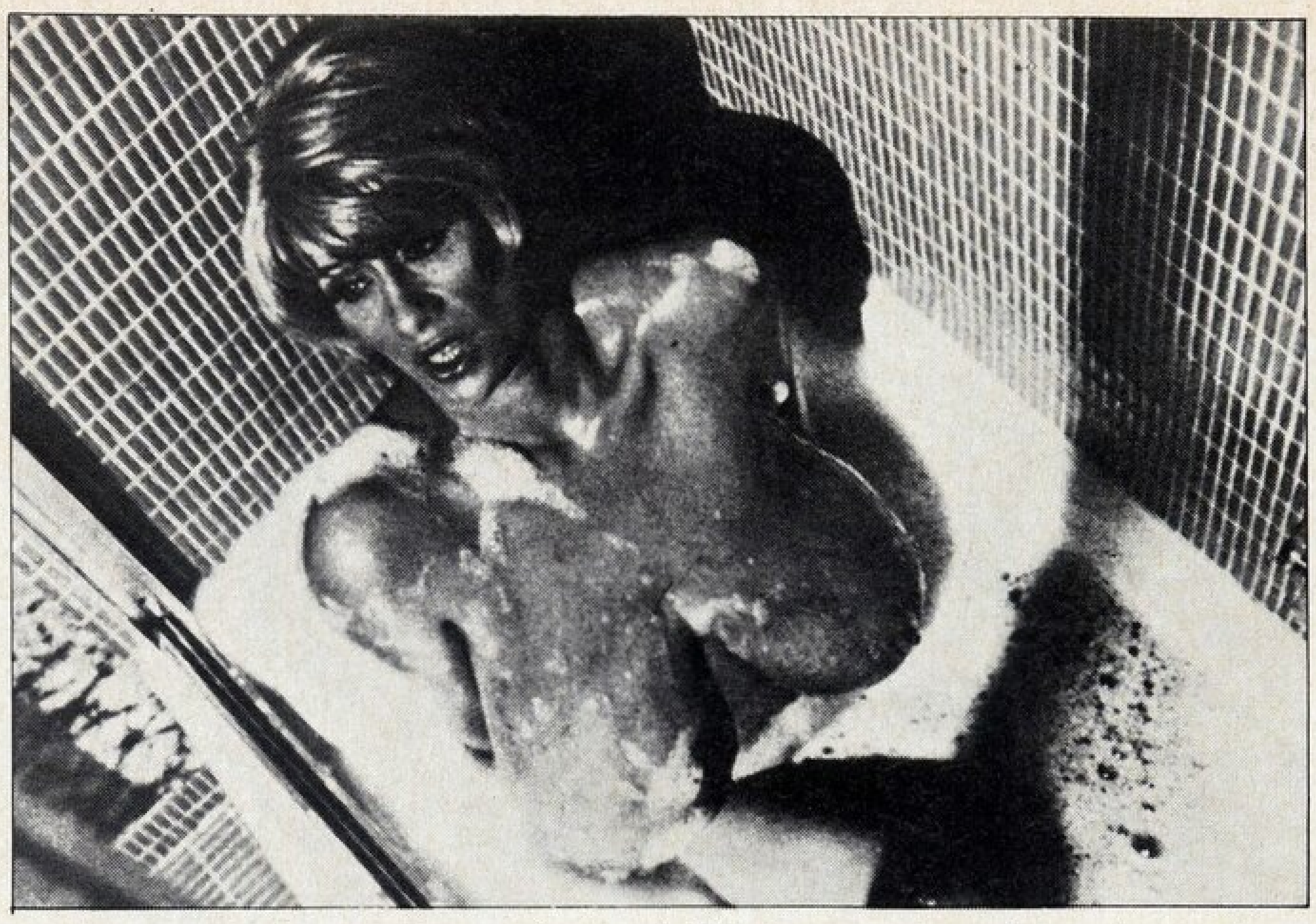
continued from page 109

relationship began in winter and my good friend, who was somewhat older than myself, made a good deal of her own underwear. The first time we had sex she invited me to undress her and when I had deprived her of jumper, skirt, and satin finished slip, to my excitement I found her in knitted knickers and vest – glove tight and woolly. They were yellow in colour and through the openwork stitching of her vest her hardened nipples glowed.

The knickers were much more closely stitched and she had provided them with a divided front and crotch buttoned up all the way with pearl buttons. The final stage of 'naking' her was almost too good to be true; loosening her ribbed lisle stockings from under the tight cuffs and drawing them off, then unbuttoning and opening her knickers to a delicious whiff of feminine musk and peeling them from her, then her suspender belt and vest.

Though meticulously clean she was naturally musky down under, and that enhanced my pleasure greatly. She loved everything I did, but, alas, for me, she had so favoured me during a period of alienation from her true love, and in due course I was sent packing. But it does make a pleasant nostalgic memory – a kind of sexual Shangri la.

Cerberus, Cambs.



I've just been to see Chesty Morgan and her 'Deadly Weapons'.

But to actually see a bird, in the flesh so to speak, with 73 in. whoppers would, I believe, be a once in a lifetime treat.

Little wonder then that when news came that Chesty was flying into Boston's Logan Airport, en route to star in a burlesque show at a city theatre, more than 200 spectators gathered in the Eastern Airlines' shuttle area. The plane arrived on time, and the passengers disembarked.

Hundreds of eyes scanned each passenger, but alas no Chesty. 'Maybe she wasn't on board,' one chap was heard to remark. But she was. Evidently in what's been billed in the US as the greatest smuggling effort since the French Connection, Chesty slipped through. Story goes that she has all her bras and clothes made specially for her to de-emphasise her breasts. And when she got off the plane she simply carried a plastic bag in front of her and the spectators waiting for 73 in. dead in front, didn't expect 73 in. droopers (which were easily disguised). Sheer ingenuity!

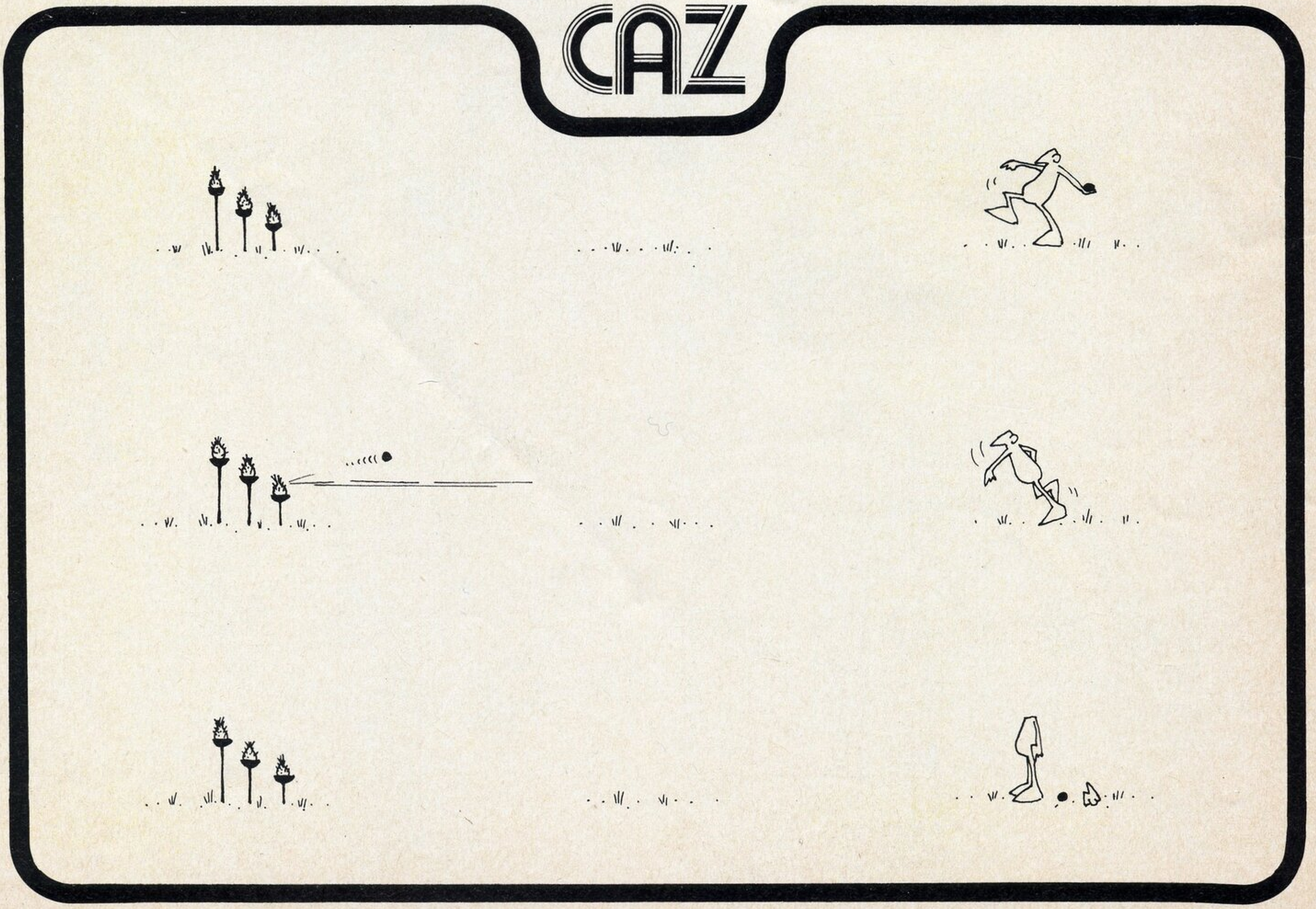
C.B., Chessington, Surrey

Come on, C.B., tell us an udder!

I love *Mayfair*. I love looking at naked girls – I love my own sex. I'm a lesbian and I'm not ashamed of it. I feel men are too rough and unkind, whereas girls are warm and gentle. It may sound daft, but that's the way I am. I've had a few boyfriends but I just couldn't mix with them. I'm 19 now, but had my last date when I was 17 and when I discovered I preferred the company of my own sex. I've not had a love relationship with a girl but I live in hope.

S.H., Maidstone, Kent

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

CAZ